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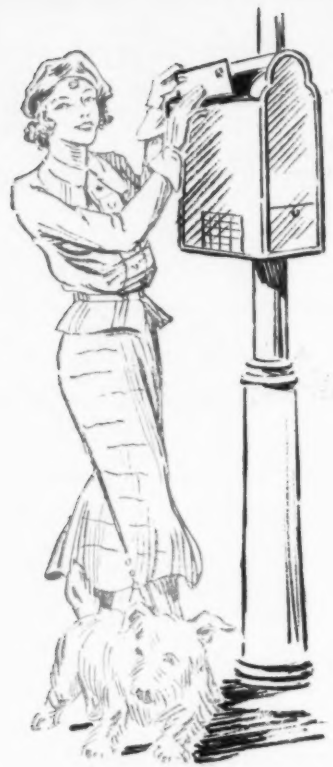


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THE AMERICAN GIRL

THE MAGAZINE FOR ALL GIRLS PUBLISHED BY THE GIRL SCOUTS

REGISTERED U. S. PATENT OFFICE

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MOTHER AND CHILD

painted by

GEORGE DE FOREST BRUSH

THE AMERICAN GIRL

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ANNE STODDARD • EDITOR

DECEMBER • 1936

GIRL BITES DOG

The daughter-in-law of Fridtjof Nansen, the famous explorer, writes of her thrilling adventures driving her Siberian Huskies—a composite picture of her experiences in several races

By

ELIZABETH M. NANSEN

Illustrated by

ORSON LOWELL

IT was in the winter of 1925 that every newspaper in the country was carrying headlines about a dog team rushing across the frozen Bering Sea to get a precious little package which contained diphtheria serum for the stricken inhabitants of Nome, Alaska. Every morning I waited my turn for the paper, in a state of feverish excitement to read the latest news of the man who was running his race with death in the Arctic. Little did I think that, just one year later, this same diminutive man who had undertaken the errand of mercy would drive his Siberian Huskies into our barn.

There was a sled dog race in the town where I lived, and Leonhard Seppala, hero of the serum drive, had been invited to compete. He decided to give his Huskies a taste of civilization and accepted the challenge, at the same time accepting our offer to house his dogs in our barn which we converted into makeshift kennels.

Seppala was a genuine "sourdough." He had left Norway, thirty years before, to seek his fortune in the gold rush in Alaska, but, instead of the fortune, he had found only a life of desperately hard work. Even though he, himself, often had scarcely enough to eat, he kept the best string of Huskies in Alaska, for whose welfare he was ever solicitous. With these dogs, he undertook the most hazardous expeditions. They seldom felt the sting of a lash; instead they loped along to the tune of the melodies Seppala hummed as he stood on the runners of the sled, thinking perhaps of the nights he had sung such songs when he was a fisher boy in Norway.

Such was the little man who, three consecutive times, won the All Alaska Sweepstakes—the four hundred and eight mile racing classic of the North—and who now drove his Huskies down the lane to our barn, led by Togo, his famous leader. Togo, a small bundle of speed and energy, had com-

pleted his racing career after nine years in harness.

When the races were over in the East, it was decided that Seppala should return each winter to compete and, as it was not possible for him to bring Togo back and forth

from Alaska, the dog was left with me so that, each winter, he and his pal of the trails would be together again. I could not think of Togo's being left alone, and thus it was that I took several of his sons and daughters, as yet only small pups, to keep him company. During the time that Seppala remained in the States, I often drove with him, standing on the runners myself while he rode in the sled like a "Cheechako" as he taught me the fundamentals of handling a dog team so that, when he had gone, I should be able to train the still young progeny of Togo. For several winters, when Seppala returned, our training continued, and still he held me back from racing a "first string" of dogs, wishing me to wait until he was certain that I could handle a fast team when he himself could not be there to coach me.

Finally that day arrived. The race was to commence in a town where snow conditions in the outlying country guaranteed a good racing trail, and the sleepy little village found itself in the newspapers for the first time in its history.

The derelict railroad station was suddenly filled with freaks and wonders, inclusive of duffel bags, racing sleds, and crates full of howling, barking dogs. The long suffering agent needed all his patience, what with a crate missing, a continual influx of newspapermen sending off telegrams, and the village youth swarming under foot and asking questions.

Main Street was decked out in its holiday attire of faded bunting (ordinarily used only for the Fourth of July, or the election of a new President) which culminated in an abundant, if not too artistic, drapery over a small booth, erected at



I LOOKED BACK AND RECOGNIZED THE DRIVER. IT WAS THE INDIAN. HE HAD SHORTCUT THE TRAIL SIX MILES

the red-painted line, above which was meticulously printed the word "FINISH."

To the casual observer, the town was ready for the race. The butcher had delivered meat for the fifteen racing teams—seven dogs and two spares to an outfit—and, before locking his doors for the night, he stood in the back office, rubbing his palms together over the entries in the ledger. The housewives, chosen to quarter the drivers, had been busy tidying up their spare rooms, letting a few rays of sunlight into musty parlors, and vying with each other as to "victuals." The little inn was turning away late comers, already crowded to its doors.

BUT the town was not ready. It was still awaiting the arrival of "The Girl." Shivering newspaper and camera men hovered together in the draughty railroad station, waiting for the last train which could bring her in time to enter the race. Up at the junction the local finally whistled, in due time arriving at the station and discharging only a bundle of papers, a dozen milk cans, and a few disgruntled commuters.

The station agent addressed the baggage man. "What, ain't got no dawgs?"

"Dawgs, no. Ain't you got enough?"

The agent merely pushed his cap back on his head, emitting a rueful whistle; the newspaper and camera men muttered from the depths of turned-up collars that the entry of "The Girl" was probably only a publicity stunt, anyway.

Quite unconscious of the curiosity which my entry had created—for I was "The Girl"—I arrived under my own

power, or rather my seven-dog power, after the town had cooled considerably in its interest. It was dark when I reached the kennels allotted to my dogs and

drove into the barn of one Lemuel T. Jones. Because Mr. Jones had the best barn in town, he was host to Pierson's outfit as well as mine. Pierson's team was the sure shot of the race, driven by an Indian brought down all the way from Manitoba. My entry had been nothing short of a blessing to the officials, I gathered, as it solved the problem of what other team could double up with Pierson's. It appeared that he was afraid of "dirty work," and the officials seemed to think that I would not last long, especially if the going was heavy.

As soon as Mr. Jones had greeted me, he made a hurried exit, no doubt to broadcast the news that "The Girl" had arrived. Meantime I sat comfortably on a pile of hay, going over my lines and harnesses. Out of the corner of my eye, I could see Pierson's Indian throwing dirty blankets over some straw where he intended to sleep—one of Pierson's ideas of precaution against dirty work. When I finished getting my racing gear in order I went over the dogs' feet. They were all in good condition and showed no ill effects from the thirty mile run we had just made. I took a final look around and, locking the stall, put on my parka and started for the inn.


As I passed Pierson's outfit, I glanced in. His dogs were

The Indian made no move to leave until I had gone, but the door had hardly closed behind me when I was conscious that he was following me. I was also conscious of curious glances from people on the streets, and before I had gone far, I was at the head of a procession of little boys, like the Pied Piper.

I had received instructions to go at once to the inn where there was to be a meeting of the drivers—not that they actually considered me as a contestant, but I had sent in my entry, so they were duty bound to notify me. When I arrived at the meeting I was quickly surrounded by newspaper men. When I said I had no story, they told me their editors considered it an item of interest for their papers that a woman was racing in a field of men. One mentioned the old newspaper proverb, "If the dog bites the man it isn't news, but if the man bites the dog—why, that's news."

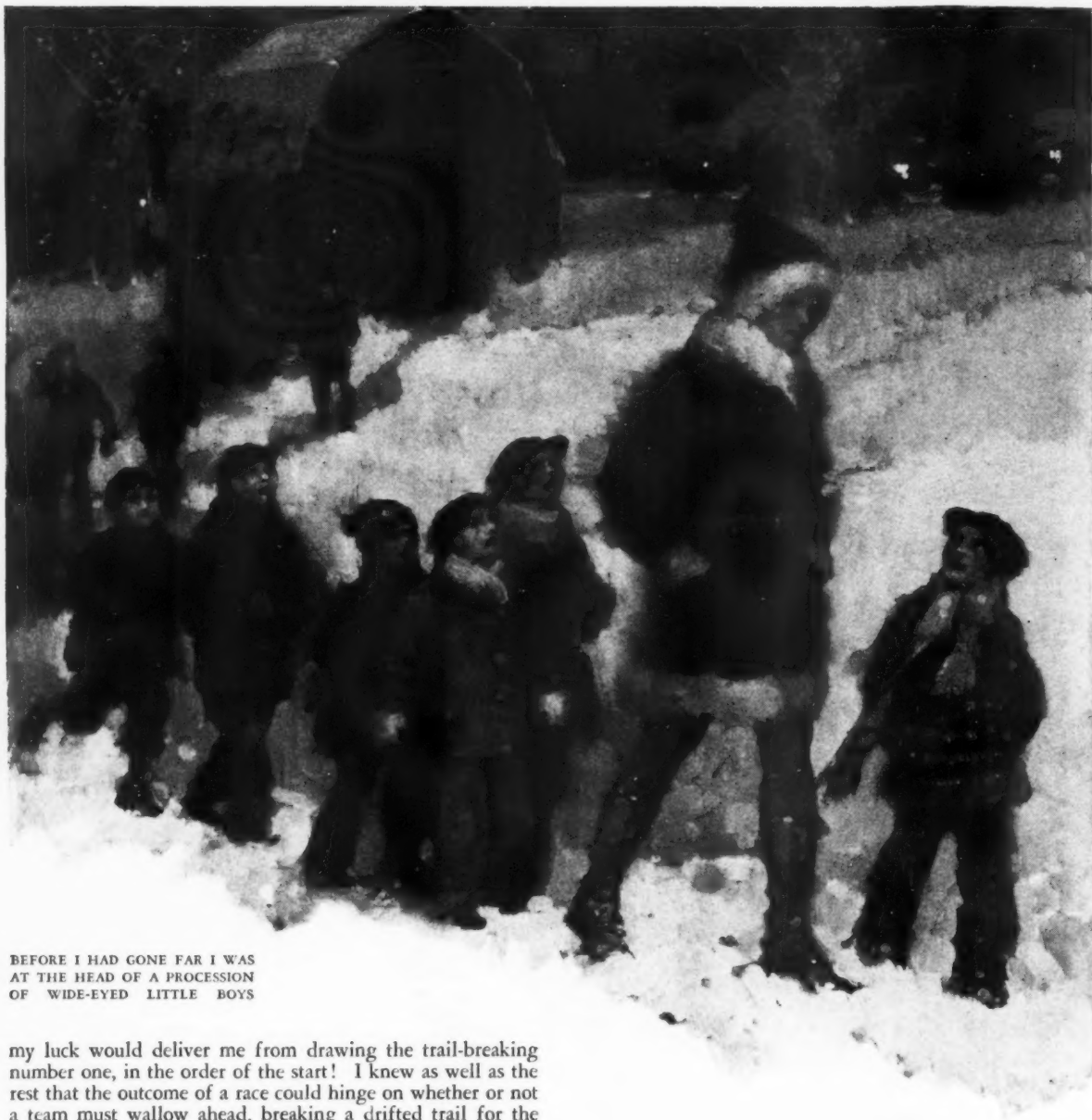
I WAS chiefly interested in two men who were seated at a table in the middle of the room, bending over a list of entries. One of them I recognized as Pierson from his pompous, over-bearing manner, and his unpleasant smirk of self-satisfaction. He was boasting loudly about his string of hounds—ready to burn up the trail, he said—and no less loudly about his Indian driver for whom, he modestly admitted, he was paying handsomely. Yet, whatever the Indian was being paid, there was not a driver in the room who envied him. If he did not bring Pierson's team in a winner, he would be lucky if he got his expenses back to Manitoba in a freight car.

The room was filling, the drivers ambling in, conversing in low tones with their backers and going into huddles for the latest "dog dope." The gathering was a motley one, with drivers from the Canadian bush in checked mackinaws, boys from the Northwest in moosehide jackets and beaded moccasins, an Alaskan in an Eskimo fur parka and mukluks, all rubbing elbows with their backers who were dressed in tawdry imitation of the men who were to do the forty-one mile grind for them. I, having neither driver nor backer, began to wonder whether I had not made a mistake in thinking I could compete against these seasoned sons of the trail, pitting my little Siberians against their big malamutes and hounds. Still, there were the Alaskan records of the ancestors of my short-legged, fifty pound dogs, in the racing classics, and I was determined to go through with it. If only



I BEGAN TO WONDER IF IT WERE A MISTAKE TO PIT MY LITTLE SIBERIANS AGAINST MALAMUTES AND HOUNDS

crossbreeds, more hound than Husky, with long legs all muscle and sinew—the type we called the shotgun dogs, fast for a short distance but usually without much staying power. My own little Siberians looked pitifully diminutive by comparison. As I stopped a moment, two of the dogs leaped to the ends of their chains, baring their teeth in an ugly snarl at me.



BEFORE I HAD GONE FAR I WAS
AT THE HEAD OF A PROCESSION
OF WIDE-EYED LITTLE BOYS

my luck would deliver me from drawing the trail-breaking number one, in the order of the start! I knew as well as the rest that the outcome of a race could hinge on whether or not a team must wallow ahead, breaking a drifted trail for the others.

The meeting was called to order, the rules read, and the names of the drivers checked as they drew their numbers from a hat. When my name was called there were only two numbers left—one, the first to start; and the other, the coveted fifteen, the last. Pierson flourished the hat, and I drew. Luck was certainly not smiling on me, for I drew Number One. As this was read aloud, there was an undercurrent of murmuring. Pierson's smirking face leered at me as his Indian stepped up to draw the only number left—fifteen.

This concluded the excitement of the day and there was nothing more for the little town to do, but to tuck itself down under its patchwork quilts and sleep away the hours before the start of the race.

It was thirty below and a strong wind was blowing from the north, the next morning, as the crowd stamped in the cold, waiting expectantly. I brought my team up to the line, when, at one minute of nine, the judge ordered the crowd

back to let me through; and while I stood on the runners, the timekeeper called off the seconds. The dogs were well up in their collars, their lines tight and muscles quivering with the nervous tension of the moment. Bonzo, my leader, not used to crowds, looked to left and right. The sudden fear struck me that perhaps he, like myself, began to doubt the sanity of our undertaking, as he had every appearance of looking for a loophole through which to bolt into the crowd, and thus make a complete fiasco of our entry. I had a wilting sensation, and the voice of the timekeeper seemed farther and farther away as he called out, "Ten seconds—five seconds—get ready—go!"

I took my foot off the brake, and the man holding Bonzo let him free. He made one leap into the air and did his old trick of drawing his ears close to his head. There seemed to be thousands of voices yelling "They're off!" but at the moment I was thinking only that I had maligned Bonzo's intentions, as the instant I saw his ears (*Continued on page 31*)

CHRISTMAS AT THUNDER GAP



Anyone as "chock full o' Christmas" as Stacy Ellen would be sure to think up something for those at home, and she did!



By KATHARINE O. WRIGHT

Illustrated

by

HARVEY
SEEFELDT

OUTSIDE the tall, clear window a star hung in the blue Kentucky evening. It shone into the church-house upon Mary, singing to her Babe in the straw—and Stacy Ellen, peeping through the cedar boughs that made the whole place sweet, caught her breath at the scene. There came the shepherds, wearing striped homespun, and there the kings and wise men, bearing gifts. That "Least One" reminded Stacy Ellen of the baby sister she'd be seeing tomorrow when she went home up Thunder Gap. Because of the baby, she had almost run away last autumn, soon after Pappy had left her in the school. It had been hard enough leaving Pappy and Mammy and the five young-uns—but leaving the Least One, whom she had loved and tended from birth, had been almost more than she could bear.

Now she glanced with ecstatic eyes across the swelling music, beyond the light that shone from the manger, to the faces of the other boys and girls uplifted in the half darkness of the church-house, and wondered if they were half as happy as she. Was this really Stacy Ellen of Thunder Gap, wearing a flowing robe, a blue ribbon holding the dark hair off her forehead? She pinched one hard little hand beneath its flowing sleeve. Yes! It was Stacy Ellen all right, seeing the Christmas play at the settlement for the first time, and taking part in it, too. Heaving a sigh of contentment, she thought, "I'm glad now I tromped on my homesickness for the sake o' larnin'."

Peeping through the cedar boughs, she forgot she had never worn a ribbon before; she almost forgot to sing with the other angels! Then her voice welled up with theirs:

"Glory, in the highest, glory,

"Peace on earth, good will toward men!"

As she sang, longing swept over her to take Christmas home to Thunder Gap. But, lawdy, there wouldn't be much chance for Christmas at home. Mammy was so busy with a houseful of young-uns and Pap had his hands full feeding and clothing them, not to mention helping send her to school.

Later, the whole school trooped out into the starry night to receive gifts from a growing hemlock tree that blossomed with red, gold, and blue lights. What a sight, what a sight! The shadowy mountains rising about the dark valley, and the glory of the lighted tree; all the young-uns shouting and singing and unwrapping presents. Stacy Ellen received a beautiful box of handkerchiefs, a box of pencils, and a whole box of candy. It was marvelous, and she stifled an unruly longing for another tree—a tree that would bear gifts for Mammy, Pappy, the five, and the Least One, up Thunder Gap.

"Goodnight! Merry Christmas!" the boys and girls shouted when the last package had been unwrapped, for to-morrow

they'd be starting home with the rising of the sun.

In her tiny room Stacy Ellen smiled as she drew her blue robe over her dark hair, and carefully folded her ribbon. "With mighty nigh a week to ponder, pears like a body as chock full o' Christmas as I am ought to think up something!" she told the starry night.

Next morning, at the crack of dawn, she tied her braid with its usual string, packed her possessions in a bundle and fastened it, with her best shoes, on the end of a stick. After she had helped with the breakfast dishes—for she worked her way in the school—she donned her old brown coat and red cap and started out, hoisting her bundle-stick gunwise over her shoulder. Closing the big gate across the road, she climbed up on its bars a moment to look at the pretty houses of log and green wood scattered over the valley. Her eye followed the chimney smoke, up and up, to the top of the ridge that rose like a wall behind the school. The sun-ball was just looking over, and its rays lay up there like a golden veil caught in the bare branches of timber.

"I'll have to come back," she told herself wistfully. "Three months ain't near enough to git larnin'." Then she jumped off the gate bar and ran after the other boys and girls.

There were eight of them going her way, but gradually they parted company, some to go up one creek, some down another. Stacy Ellen felt lucky. She had only eighteen miles to walk and all day to walk it. The tall, long-legged boy who strode beside her had fifty miles to go, and would spend to-night at his Uncle's, part way. They all had some such journey to make and thought little of it.

"Y'E'RE the fastest-walkingest boy I ever did see, Zack!"

Stacy Ellen announced to the long-legged one, and he slackened his pace and looked down at her.

"However will ye git home so far by your lonesome?" he enquired.

"It's easy," she told him. "All I do is follow this creek to where Yancy creek flows into it. I follow Yancy to its watershed, and t'other side the ridge I'll find a spring that is the headwaters o' Crazy Creek. Crazy does a sight o' wanderin', but it'll lead me home!" She had a determined look in her blue eyes.

The boy gazed at her with admiration, "Ye'll git thar," he said.

The creek they walked beside shuttled through the mountains so that it was sometimes hard telling which was east, which west. Now the sun shone on the brown water before them, now it glanced from rhododendron leaves behind them, but they trusted that creek, and, with true mountaineer instinct, followed it through the wilderness. At last it was the

turn of the long-legged boy to strike out over a high ridge.

"Whoo-ee-ee!" From the summit he called down the "sang cry" to Stacy Ellen.

"Whoo-ee-ee!" she flung back the old cry her grandparents had used when out gathering ginseng, because it carried through the mountains further than any other.

When the call was a mere echo from the ridge top, Stacy Ellen was alone in the wilderness. She walked along, her bundle bobbing behind her red cap. Now that she was by herself, she could plan some way to share Christmas with the folks at Thunder Gap.

"It's harder than nine times seven, take away five, carry three!" she sighed, wrinkling her brow.

In her bundle she had tucked one of the handkerchiefs for Mammy, and a pencil for Pappy, and there was the candy for the young-uns. But, lawsy! What was one little box of candy? Why, Aaron, her next oldest brother, could eat it in a few mouthfuls. She longed to have a new calico dress for Mammy, and some play toys for the young-uns—and Pappy—he'd hankered after a flash light for a month o' Sundays! Picking her precarious way across foot logs and rolling rocks that might have thrown her into the creek, she pondered about Christmas.

Presently she heard a roar ahead of her and knew that Yancy was pouring its waters into the creek beside her. Hurrah! That was where she turned off to cross the ridge. The sun-ball was straight overhead when she bent her back and started up the steep slope. As she climbed, her bundle stick

cut first into one shoulder, and then into the other, as she shifted it, and her face grew warm and red as her cap. After two hours she reached the watershed and looked down the other side of the mountain. Somewhere in the tangle of valleys far below was home—Thunder Gap. A lump came into her dry throat.

DRIPPING down beside the tiny spring that was the headwaters of Crazy creek, she ate her lunch, still pondering her problem. Of course, she could make a wreath for the fireboard, a lovely wreath such as she had learned to make at school; and then there might be sorghum molasses taffy—happen Mammy could spare the 'lasses. She had not got far with her plans when she noticed that the sun was sliding down the sky. Jumping up, she followed the silver trickle from the spring, down and down, its voice growing louder until it became Crazy Creek, a wild torrent in a hemlock gorge. Darkness lurked beside it, and, by the time Stacy Ellen's foot touched the bottom land, she cast a shadow in moonlight. She was tired, but she felt safe now, for she knew every step of the way. It was all so peaceful in the bottom land; hayricks seemed resting for the night, and she liked to hear the satisfied cluck of the chickens as they roosted in the trees. Far ahead, up the Gap, she saw a light, and knew that Mammy had left the door open to welcome her.

"That you, leetle gal?" a voice called. It was Pappy, come to meet her.

Mammy made a silhouette against the firelight in the doorway, the Least One in the crook of her arm. The five young-uns hugged Stacy Ellen and took on, but Mammy was the

SHE AND AARON FORGOT HOW TIRED THEY WERE, AND PAPPY FORGOT HIS PAIN, MAKING WREATHS OF HOLLY BEFORE THE FIRE



say-nothing kind. Only from the look of her eyes could Stacy Ellen tell how glad she was to have her oldest daughter, her right hand helper, home again. But the Least One had forgotten her! Tired as she was, that knowledge brought the tears to her eyes.

"Hit'll recollect ye again when ye frolic with hit," Mammy told her.

When she was fed, and sat warming herself before the hickory fire, Stacy Ellen put back her head and feasted her eyes on the circle around the hearth. Pappy, big and angular, Mammy, thin and tired-looking, Aaron, and Fairannie who had been named from a ballad-song, the twins—a handful to manage—little Tom, and the Least One whom they called Glory. Glory traveled from lap to lap, cooing, crowing, but avoiding Stacy Ellen. If only that provoking baby would not act so uppity!

Outside, the winter wind howled down Thunder Gap, but here, beside the fire, all was snug and safe. The fat pine crackled, glinting on red peppers and pumpkin that hung drying in the rafters. The patchwork on the poster bed looked gay, and so did the old indigo-blue "kiver" Grannie had woven. Stacy Ellen thought how pretty the cabin would be, all decked with greens. She answered Mammy's and Pappy's questions about the school, and, drowsy as she was, sang them the angels' song from the Christmas play. Then the Least One came creeping from lap to lap until she laughed up at Stacy Ellen who took the plump little body into her arms.

"How about takin' yore thumb outen yore mouth?" she enquired after a while. The Least One looked at her reproachfully, but surrendered the choice morsel into her keeping.

Next morning the family arose from bed a good hour before the sun was up, and huddled, dressing, before the fire Pappy had made. From the kitchen shed came the sound of sizzling, and the aroma of bacon and coffee. Mammy had been up ahead of them, wrestling with the wood stove.

Stacy Ellen saw to it that the young-uns washed behind their ears, then she caught up the milk bucket and went out to the barnyard. From where she milked she watched Pappy disappear up the logging trail, driving the mule critter hitched to the wood sledge. "He's going after Christmas trees to haul to town," she thought, as the milk hissed against the tin bucket beneath her capable hands. "He'll haul 'em over the new road the Gov'ment's building, and the money he'll get for the trees'll buy food to keep the folks till there's garden stuff in the spring o' the year. It'll pay my entrance fee back to school, too." Even though Stacy Ellen worked her way in the school, Pappy had to help some.

"But there won't be money to spend on Christmas," she



IN THE SNOW THEY FOUND THE TRACKS OF SLEDGE RUNNERS, AND FOLLOWED THEM

told the cow, "and it ain't our way to have a Christmas tree." No, Pap would never think to bring his own young-uns a Christmas tree. But why not have one anyway? She looked around, past the cow, to see if she could find one. Down by the creek was a whole thicket of holly trees, and before the cabin door grew a single holly, slim, pointed, and crimson with berries. "The very thing!" she murmured, "but there's nothin' for to trim it!"

The cow chewed her cud complacently as though to agree, "No, there's nothing for to trim it."

It was a beautiful tree, but the young-uns were used to it, and it ought to be decked somehow for Christmas. Stacy Ellen longed for tinsel, and an angel to go on its top, and colored balls to reflect happy children's faces, but these were out of the question. Her arms dropped to her sides and she sat on her little stool, staring out at the horizon. Then suddenly she awoke to the fact that the milk bucket was full to overflowing, and that the cow was looking around at her as though to enquire, "What more do you want?"

The next minute all thought of Christmas was banished from Stacy Ellen, for, as she entered the doorway with the brimming bucket, a chicken ran (Continued on page 34)

SNOWBOUND

It wasn't like the Christmas house party the Blakes had planned, but it was fun

THE early dusk of Christmas Eve was falling, and Rufus Blake switched on the headlights. They made two murky yellow patches against the white wall of swirling flakes, but could not penetrate it far enough to show much of the road.

Beside Rufus, his cousin, Rodney Sherrill, scrubbed at the frosted window glass with her handkerchief, and tried to peer into the snow fog.

Rodney had arrived several days before to spend three weeks with her Blake cousins, a visit that was to include not only exciting New York in the holiday season, but a week at the Blakes' summer home in Litchfield, Connecticut, opened for a gay Christmas house party.

Rufus, who was eighteen; Tim, a year younger; a school friend of theirs, Mary Kent; and pretty, frail-looking Mrs. Blake, made up the group. Every moment of the week ahead was as tightly crowded with plans as was the car's capacious luggage compartment with their suitcases, mysterious looking Christmas packages, and a big hamper of special delicacies.

They had waked that morning to find the streets white, and snow still falling. But in the city, with the street-cleaning department already at work, the snow had not seemed alarming.

"If we find it pretty deep out in the country," Rufus had declared, "it may take us longer. But we'll make it surely by late afternoon."

It was now very late afternoon, and they had not made it yet, nor apparently—as Rufus was becoming uneasily aware—were they on a road that looked at all familiar. He tried to tell himself it was the snow that made him uncertain. It had been a mistake, perhaps, to take the advice of that garage man where they had stopped for gas, about trying a new route.

However, for the first half of the journey, Rufus had been certain he was right. After that he had made a wrong turning once, and had to go back. Then, at noon, they had stopped at a wayside lunch room for cocoa and sandwiches. It had taken longer than they realized.

They had not gone through a village now for an hour, a fact Tim had tactlessly commented on, and so called his mother's attention to the question of their whereabouts. They drew up at the

side of the road, and Tim and Rufus had bent their dark heads intently over the map, with the aid of a pocket flash.

"We ought," Tim said, pointing, "to be somewhere around in *here*—if we're on the right road. Only, where's the lake?"

"Shut up, *idiot!*" Rufus hissed warningly, under his breath.

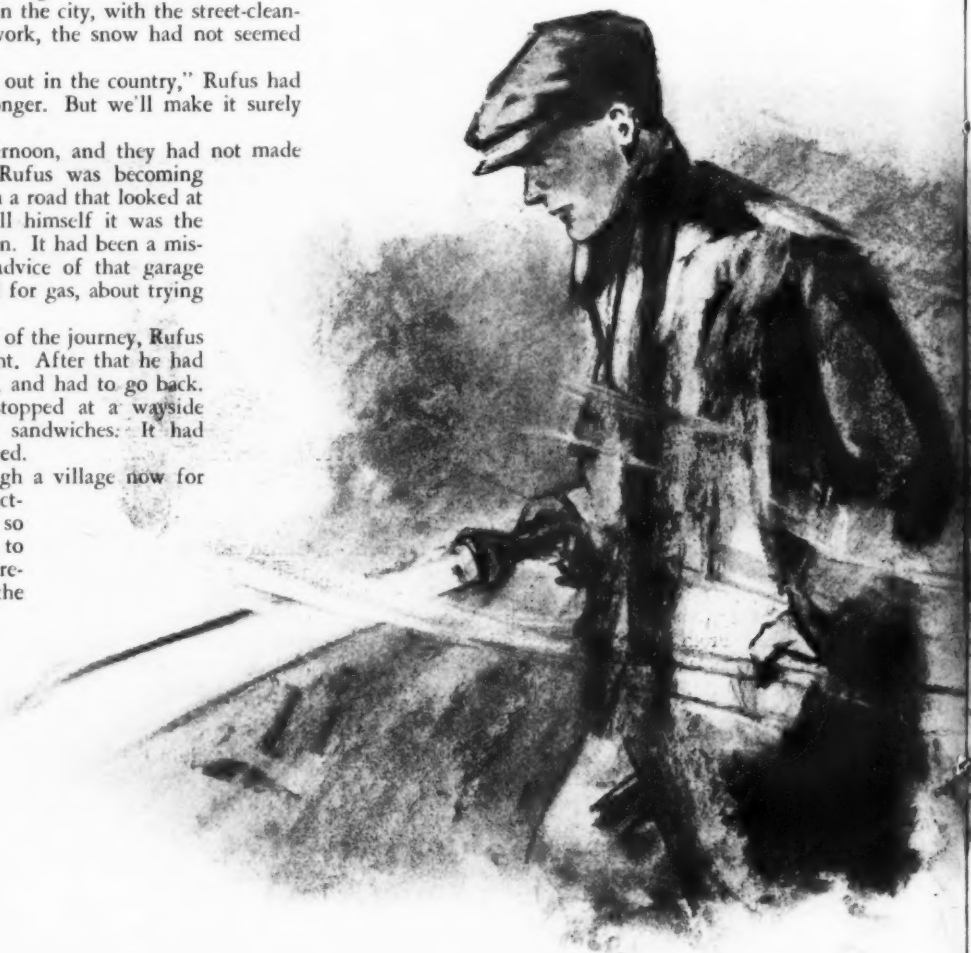
Rodney bit back a smile at the furious expression of his usually cheerful face. Secretly she thought it would be the kind of adventure she could tell dramatically at home, if they did have to spend the night snowbound by the roadside. She said to Rufus, "Mary and I aren't scared. Are we really lost?"

"Well, if we were where we ought to be, Bantam Lake would be somewhere near," Rufus returned, his tone gloomy. "Besides, this road seems awfully narrow for a State highway."

"And we haven't passed even a farmhouse for some time," the girl reminded him. Straining her eyes into the dusk, she broke off with a sudden exclamation.

"There's a house now! Only there aren't any lights."

But Rufus had his hands too full at that particular instant to glance her way. As Rodney spoke, the car's rear wheels had done a sickening skid. Slowly but firmly, they began to



Illustrated by
RUTH KING

CHRISTMAS

by
MARGUERITE ASPINWALL

slide backward toward the ditch at the left of the road.

There was a soft bump, padded by the drifted snow, and the car was off the road, tilted over at a gentle incline on its side. The wheels whirled for a moment, churning up the snow in a white cloud.

With the partial overturning of the car, passengers and rugs slid with it into a struggling huddle at the left. Rodney caught her breath, and Mrs. Blake uttered a stifled cry of alarm, but that was all.

Rufus leaned across Rodney and opened the right-hand door, while Tim, on the back seat, did the same. They scrambled out easily—all but Mrs. Blake who was lifted out by her son, as her feet were tangled in a rug.

IT took a few seconds for them to convince themselves that no one was hurt, and Tim, taking the flashlight, volunteered to go to the house Rodney had noticed. All they could see of it from the road was a dark, squarish shape, barely visible through the snow. There were still no lights discernible, but that might mean, as Tim offered uncertainly, that the

family lived at the back. Farmers are frugal about lights.

The others waited, sheltering themselves behind the car, watching the tiny beam of Tim's flashlight recede farther and farther into the storm.

"Whoever they are, they'll have to take us in for the night, I'm afraid," Rufus muttered in Rodney's ear.

Surprisingly soon, they saw the light returning.

"It's—an empty house," Tim gasped, when he reached them. "Looks as if it had been deserted for quite a while. I found one shutter on the porch loose, and forced a window open. We can get in, if we have to. At least it's a roof and four walls."

Mrs. Blake said, with sudden decision, "We can't possibly spend the night in the car, in the position it's in. And we can't walk miles in this storm toward an uncertain destination."

Rodney whispered, "Hurrah!" faintly, and Rufus, hearing her, sent her a swift glance of approval in the flashlight's rays. "Tim knows the way, so we'll let him lead off with the flash," he said. "We'll get Mums and you girls inside,



SLOWLY, FLOUNDERING KNEE-DEEP IN SNOW, THE LITTLE PROCESSION SET OUT, FOLLOWING THE WILL-O'-THE-WISP OF TIM'S FLASHLIGHT

and see about the possibilities for a fire. Then Tim and I can come back for the rugs and hamper. Lucky we brought that along!"

"And the Christmas packages," Rodney put in. "Let's celebrate Christmas Eve the best we can, anyhow."

Slowly, floundering knee-deep in places in the mounded snow, the little procession set out, following the will-o'-the-wisp of Tim's flashlight. They crossed the narrow road, stumbled through a low gutter, and climbed, slipping and digging their toes in, onto higher ground.

The porch of the farmhouse was sheltered from the wind. Tim's light showed them a paintless door, and a window on either side of it with wooden shutters. One pair of these shutters Tim had forced open on his previous visit, and now a quick thrust of Rufus's strong arms forced the window up far enough for him to wriggle through. Through the open window, Tim handed him the flashlight, and the rest went back to the door.

They could hear Rufus moving about inside, and then fumbling with the latch. The door swung inward presently, and the flashlight showed them a narrow, uncarpeted hall with two doors, one closed on the left, and a yawning cavern of blackness on the right where Rufus had left the other door open.

They crowded past him, into what the flashlight revealed as a big, old-fashioned farm kitchen.

There was a rusty stove near the door, and across the room a still rustier sink. The only visible furniture consisted of a sagging wooden table and a broken-down cane-bottom armchair. In the uncertain light, they could see that the whole place was gray with dust and cobwebs. Certainly no one had lived here for months, if not for years.

"If we only had a light!" Rodney began, trying to sound matter-of-fact. "I mean a steady light. Not the flash."

"What about the box of red candles we brought along for the Christmas tree?" Tim demanded triumphantly.

"Just the thing," agreed his mother. "You'll be glad to know that I put in a couple of boxes of bayberry candles, too, to use in the livingroom and diningroom. I always like them at Christmastime—they smell so delicious."

"Hooray!" cried Mary Kent. "That'll do the trick."

"Let's see if we can't make a fire in the stove first," Rufus suggested, and added, "That door by the sink probably leads to the wood shed. Come along, Tim, let's investigate. The folks who lived here may have left a few sticks behind them."

A moment later the pale glimmer of the torch had disappeared behind the door, which swung shut noisily. It left complete darkness in the kitchen; darkness that was emphasized by the howling of the wind, and the rattling of a loose window sash somewhere.

Then there was a loud "Hurrah!" from Tim.

"That means they've found some wood," Mary Kent sighed in relief. "Let's hope the stove will draw."

The boys staggered in, their arms piled with logs which they dumped down beside the stove.

"There's a lot of wood out there," Tim said cheerfully. "It's stood so long, it's tinder-dry. We oughtn't to have any trouble if the chimney's clear."

He held the light, and Rufus set himself to building a fire. After a few unsuccessful attempts to get it to draw, and a good deal of smoke in his eyes, the kindling caught, and a comforting glow began to shine through the chinks in the stove.

EAGERLY the little group drew nearer, holding their hands out to the gradually increasing warmth. Tim pulled up the rickety armchair, and, after dusting it with his scarf, handed his mother into it.

"Nowhere for you girls to sit but the table," he decided. "Here—give us a hand, Rufe!"

The old table was quickly moved up beside Mrs. Blake's chair and propped securely with a flat-cut log. There was plenty of room on it for two slim girls like Rodney and Mary, and they promptly made themselves comfortable, one at either end, giggling and swinging their feet.

"We'll bring the rugs and the car cushions," Rufus called

over his shoulder. The front door in the entry closed with a slam, and once more Mrs. Blake, Rodney, and Mary Kent were alone in the kitchen.

To the girls, at least, the adventure was beginning to assume a pleasantly exciting aspect. Rufus and Tim had taken the flashlight, but the stove gave out a faint red glow now, and the darkness had shrunk to a twilight that had nothing alarming in it.

When they heard steps on the porch outside, Rodney flew to open the door for the heavily laden boys. They came in, stamping the snow from their feet, and set their load down near the stove. Mrs. Blake found the candles at once, and when Tim had lighted one and set it in a little pool of its own wax, on the table, they unpacked the hamper. It revealed several kinds of jelly, a loaf of nut bread, chocolates, nuts, and a

big fruit cake. In addition, right at the bottom, they came upon a glass jar containing a cooked, rolled tongue—a delicacy the boys adored for Sunday night suppers.

"I'm curious to know what the other room's like," Rodney murmured, when they had eaten all they could, and were grouped about the stove on the cushions from the car.

"Let's take the flashlight and go see," Tim proposed.

"I think you'd better count me out," Mrs. Blake demurred, leaning back in her chair. She wasn't quite reconciled to spending the night in this forlorn old wreck of a house, but she was not going to spoil what fun the others could get out of the adventure.

Tim and Rufus led the way. The room across the hall had evidently been the farmhouse parlor. It had an airtight iron stove, a haircloth sofa minus one leg, and two chairs with sagging seats.

"It doesn't look—inviting," Rufus said with a grimace of distaste. "Still, if we make a fire in that stove, and bring in the extra chair from the kitchen, I (Continued on page 45)



"MA SAID, EVEN IF YOU WERE TRAMPS, TO TELL YOU WE'D GIVE YOU SOME HOT COFFEE AND FLAPJACKS FOR BREAKFAST, BEING AS IT'S CHRISTMAS," SUNNY SMILED

SUE GOES TO SWITZERLAND

and enjoys winter sports with a jolly crowd of young people who, together, help celebrate Christmas in several languages

By

HELEN
PERRY
CURTIS

Illustrated by W. M. BERGER



IN THE AFTERNOON SUE, FEELING FAR FROM SECURE, EXPERIMENTED CAUTIOUSLY ON SKIS ON THE GENTLER SLOPES, FALLING NOW AND AGAIN, TO BE ALMOST SMOTHERED IN SNOW



FOR Christmas, all her life, Sue had gone to her grandmother's lovely old house in Connecticut. There was always a welcoming wreath on the front door, and green garlands twined around the columns of the little porch. Inside were the Christmas tree, and the fireplace where she always hung up her stock-

ing, and the waiting turkey and cranberry sauce and mince pies, enough of them for all the children and grandchildren. She could shut her eyes and see everything, even to the mistletoe hung in the hallway, right where everyone had to pass. She couldn't even imagine any other kind of Christmas.

But here was a letter from her mother, repeating her promise to take Sue to Switzerland for winter sports during the holidays; and, in the very next mail, came a letter from her friend, Paul, with the usual postscript from his sister, Polly, begging her and her mother to join their family at a little inn away up in the mountains, where there would be tobogganing and skating and skiing, and all the things that go with winter in the Alps. Of course, nothing could be so nice as going to Grandmother's in Connecticut, thought Sue—and yet Christmas with her mother and Polly and Paul, on top of an Alp, sounded exciting. She was happy when, after an interchange of letters with Paul's mother, her mother agreed to the plan.

Sue counted the hours until the holidays began, and she and her mother started their journey in great spirits. When they jumped out of the train that had carried them through pitch-black tunnels, around hairpin curves, and over lofty mountain passes, Sue could hardly believe her eyes. This was certainly the top of the world. All about them were shining white peaks, dark pine trees flashing with crystals, quaint little chalets half-smothered in snow, and a whole troop of boys and girls in gay ski suits who had come down to meet the train. Sue looked eagerly about for Paul and Polly, but they were nowhere in sight.

Suddenly she heard the sharp, clear tinkle of sleigh bells, and around the corner of the funny little station dashed the jolliest sort of a sleigh, bright red, with pictures painted all over it. Paul was driving, and drew up the horse with a flourish beside the platform. Out hopped Polly, to throw her arms around Sue's neck, and to dance her and her mother around and around. The horse jingled and stamped impatiently, and Paul had to shout "Milord, the carriage awaits!" several times before anybody paid any attention to him. Then Sue scrambled into the front seat and washed his face with a mitten full of snow, by way of friendly greeting, and her mother and Polly tucked themselves cozily in behind.

"It's exciting to see snow again!" cried Sue, reaching for another handful from the heaps beside the sleigh.

"No, you don't, young lady," said Paul, ducking just in time, and poking Sue with his whipstock as he did so. "I'll dump you right out in a snowdrift if you don't behave," and he almost did, as they went around a sharp curve.

They skimmed along over the well-packed snow, through the little village that looked like a Christmas card; and then made their way up—back and forth, by hairpin turns—until they came to a chalet bigger than the rest, with a wide, overhanging roof laden with snow and long icicles reaching almost to the ground. A boy in short trousers and a green vest ran out to take their bags, and Paul and Polly and Sue immediately fell to pelting each other with snowballs.

MEANWHILE Polly's father and mother appeared, and there were greetings all around. The chalet was a small inn, where only about twenty-five people could stay—a perfect place for the holidays, they all agreed. Above the chalet was a marvelous ski-run, with a jump at the bottom. Below, in the valley, was a lake where they might skate, and there was a bobsled track, too, zigzagging down the mountain. There were other inns and hotels scattered about, and a few chalets almost hidden in snow. Here and there Sue saw knots of people in bright sport clothes, or caught flashing glimpses of skiers or coasters speeding down the slopes. And everywhere was the background of shining mountain peaks.

Twilight came on as they talked, and they watched the sun set in golden glory over the snowy peaks, leaving behind it

deep blue and purple shadows in the valleys, while the pine trees stood like black sentinels in the snow. Gradually tiny lights shone out here and there in mountain chalets, and an occasional lantern followed the sound of a tinkling sleigh. Voices called back and forth, but fewer and more faintly as toboggans and skates and skis took their owners home for the night.

"Oh dear, how can I ever wait till morning," groaned Sue. "Sleeping is such a waste of time."

"Isn't it just?" said Paul. And, "I'll say it is," echoed Polly.

After supper everybody gathered around the fireplace in the big main room. Besides the Americans, there was an English family, a French family, a group of German boys and girls, and several other young people. Hans, one of the Swiss boys, played an accordion while the others yodeled and sang Tyrolean songs. Later in the evening he played Viennese waltzes, and the couples whirled and whirled in the fast German waltz. Paul pulled Sue up, and they tried it, too—'round and 'round till Sue was dizzy and breathless. Then one of the German boys, Fritz, in leather shorts and embroidered suspenders, took off his jacket of quilted blue and white print, and danced the *Schub-plattler*, while the accordion wheezed merrily. Sue didn't see how he could possibly do it, clumping up and down as he danced, and alternately slapping his leather trousers and the soles of his shoes, and leaping into the air and whirling around between times. There was wild applause, and he had to do it again and again, while everybody kept time by clapping.

Hans asked Sue to teach them an American song, and she and Paul and Polly sang "Jingle Bells" for them, until Hans could play it on his accordion, and the others could sing it. Late in the evening their host brought in bowls of steaming chocolate, and dark bread, and cheese with big holes in it, and everybody fell upon it with a will.

IN her own room at last, Sue opened the little window and looked out. The thin crescent of the moon was just rising over the mountain's edge, faintly illuminating the dim blue slopes and the roofs of the chalets peeping out of the snow. In the distance she heard a song, a lovely, unearthly sound away in the valley. From her side of the mountain came a yodel, then a yodeler on another mountain picked it up, and still another yodel came from across the valley, like so many echoes of an unseen voice. Up from below, in a wandering zigzag, wound the red glow of a lantern, and with it came the tinkling of sleigh bells.

The next morning the boys and girls were all swarming around the bobsled run, laughing and chattering, and making up teams.

"Hans is a marvelous steerer," shouted Paul above the din. "Let's ask if we may go down with him."

Hans agreed, and Sue and Polly and Paul piled onto the big bobsled behind him. He explained just how they must lean going around corners, and how they must hold on for dear life, and how Paul must manage the brakes. Hans himself sat behind a steering wheel like that of an automobile.



IN CAME THE WAITERS, EACH RESPLENDENT IN A BRIGHT RED VEST AND BEARING ALOFT A HEAPED PLATTER ALL GARLANDED WITH GREENS

"Now," he shouted, and off they went, whizzing down the zigzag slide, leaning dangerously to one side as they rounded the hairpin curves, sliding up the bank at the slanting corners, and easing down again for the straight runway. In no time at all they were at the bottom, skimming out over the ice at one end of the lake, and into a big snowdrift where they all rolled off. There they hitched a little donkey to the sled and he plodded off up the hill with it, taking a short cut back to the chalet, while the young people trudged along beside him, stumbling and rough-housing and snowballing each other. Once Sue jumped onto the sled, but the donkey paused to look around in great surprise and refused to move until she got off again. Other whizzing, shrieking, waving bobsleds passed them on the way down, and one ran over the bank on a curve and spilled off all its riders in the soft snow, where they rolled and struggled and finally managed to scramble up and dash off after their sled which was sailing merrily down the mountain by itself.

So long was the slide, and so arduous the climb up again, that after four or five coasts it was time for luncheon. What appetites they had! Sue drank a great bowl of soup, and ate quantities of bread and cheese, and sausage and fried potatoes, and ended with a fluffy golden omelet with jelly in it. She had never been so hungry in her life. There was something about this mountain air, clear and crisp and invigorating, that she couldn't quite understand. It was so cold that the snow was dry and soft, and the lake was frozen to a great thickness. But it was so warm, too, that when they had been exercising, Sue had first to take off her coat and then her sweater. Gradually everybody emerged in thin shirts and blouses, and the pine trees were festooned like Christmas trees with discarded scarves and sweaters and caps and mittens.

Polly told her that there was a sanitarium for tubercular children on the next mountain, and that the children ran around in the sunshine with nothing on but little boots to keep their toes from freezing in the snow. Sue couldn't believe it, but her mother told her later that it was absolutely true, and that many tubercular children were cured by the



sunshine and clear, pure air of these wonderful mountains.

In the afternoon Sue tried her hand, or rather her feet, at skiing. She had already done it a little in Sweden so she was prepared for the way these Swiss and German boys and girls sped down the snowy slopes, swooping like birds, deftly lifting their skis into the air at curves and putting them down again around the corner with a quick little leap, balancing themselves skillfully with their poles, and spreading their skis wedgewise to come to a sudden stop. Some of them even went down the professional ski-jump, rising to the jump, soaring out into the air, and landing unbelievably on their feet on the lower slope. Sue found herself shutting her eyes at the crucial moment of landing, she was so afraid that they would fall.

She herself, being far from expert, only experimented cautiously on the gentler slopes, falling now and then to be almost smothered in the deep powdery snow, or standing still to watch the others do hair-raising stunts of jumping, turning, and stopping. She was stiff and tired, that first night, and ready to crawl into bed, long before the others had finished singing and dancing.

"But tomorrow I'm going to try everything that anybody else does," she murmured, as she dropped off to sleep to the tune of a Viennese waltz from below.

And the next day she did, with many bumps and smotherings, and entanglements of her own legs with sleds and skis. But by the end of the day she could do a small ski-jump without falling down, and she had steered the bobsled once down the run, with only Paul on it to work the brake.

That evening there was an ice carnival on the lake. Sue went as a Russian, wearing her red velveteen dress with the full

skirt, and a little white ermine jacket borrowed from her mother. She had made herself a high headdress with a cascade of bright ribbons streaming down the back, very fetching. Paul borrowed an old French uniform from the landlady, (her father had had this uniform in the days when the French army still wore red trousers and long blue coats) and Polly was adorable, as a boy, in leather shorts, embroidered suspenders, quilted jacket, and a little pointed felt hat with a long pheasant feather sticking straight up in the air. All the others begged, borrowed, exchanged, or invented jolly costumes, and it was a gay party that went coasting down the hill to the lake. Why walk, when it was so much easier to slide?

A NOISY band from the neighboring village oom-pabed a welcome as they arrived, sliding across the lake on their sleds, while the skaters scattered with squeals of alarm. Then began something Sue had never seen before. The band played waltzes, and couples all over the lake began dancing on skates, swinging and whirling in perfect rhythm. Paul and Polly had already practiced, and Paul tried to show Sue, but, somehow or other, they tripped each other and fell in an ignominious heap. When Fritz saw Sue's plight, he dashed over and helped to disentangle her. He was so big and waltzed so well that he succeeded in holding her up until she learned how the steps went. After that it was easy. One waltz followed another, the fat band master blowing on a big horn that looped itself all the way around him, and the others puffing and fiddling and drumming. They seemed to keep perfectly warm, in spite of the snow and ice.

While the band rested, Hans got out his accordion and a Swiss couple started doing marvelous stunts to music, whirling together, swinging away from each other, skating together again, leaping into the air and landing lightly as birds. Sue had never seen figure-skating before, either, and she could hardly believe her eyes. Then Fritz jumped up and tried to do the *Schub-plattler* on skates, but that was too much for his equilibrium, and he skated right into Paul and Sue and Polly, upsetting them all, amid wild applause.

Before the evening was over Sue was dancing successfully with any partner who was strong enough to hold her up and didn't try to do too many fancy steps. (Continued on page 43)



A SWISS COUPLE BEGAN TO DANCE ON SKATES, WHIRLING IN PERFECT RHYTHM

While danger threatened Madeleine, held prisoner in that dark cellar, John kept his promise to Old Tess and set out to rescue her alone

QUARRY HILL

By

FLORENCE CHOATE
and ELIZABETH CURTIS

PART SIX

THERE were lobstermen's dories tied to the sea wall. John drew one up and jumped in. Across the harbor, it was a comparatively short distance to the Point, and, by rowing, he would get there much sooner than if he should go by land.

He had asked Tess to go with him, but she muttered a refusal. She preferred returning through the burying ground, the way she had come. The old creature seemed half crazy with fear. This horrible business was evidently a case of kidnaping. But how did Tess know about it? And of whom was she afraid?

John regretted his promise already, but Madeleine must be saved—that was the important thing. If he had quibbled, it might have been too late. Now, with good luck, he would get her out of the old house within an hour.

With muffled strokes he rowed across the little basin, then through a small cut to the open sea. The wind had been blowing for three days, and the waves were unusually high. Could he make it alone, he wondered? Then he told himself grimly that he must make it, though it would take longer than he liked.

The moon was just appearing above the horizon, and a few lights were left in the town. From afar came the faint flash of a beacon, but the only sound was the swish of the waves as the dory broke through. A feeling of utter loneliness swept over John, but he gritted his teeth and rowed on, making for the old landing on the point of rock. There was a ladder to which he could tie the boat, then climb up himself. He knew the place well, for the boys went there to swim.

As he approached he could hear the pounding of the waves. "Be careful now, avoid that rock!" The current was swift here, so he must pull much harder. His face was wet with sweat and spray, and his breath came in gasps. Now he was in the shelter of the rock, only a few strokes from the ladder.

It was wet, and green with slime. John made the boat fast with a sure knot, then leaped out and scrambled up. At the top, he crouched for a moment in swift thought. He had made it, so far, for he knew how to fight the sea. But now he was up against he knew not what. Around this old wharf were many lurking places for men.

He had the keys to the house, his flash, and a hockey stick that he had snatched up as he was leaving home. Not much of a weapon, if he were caught, but the best he could find on



short notice. For Madeleine's sake he must not be caught, although he had taken the precaution—promise or not!—of writing on a paper where she was, and leaving it on the hall table at his aunt's house.

He crept through the underbrush up the hill, making his way stealthily around the other side of the house, towards the kitchen door. It was hard going. Thorns scratched his face and hands, he was hampered by the long grass and weeds that he untangled with his body. The moon gave some light, but John preferred the darkness. The black shape of the house was quite enough to guide him. He came to the door at last, then rose to his feet and waited. If the kidnapers had seen him, let them attack him now. Then he fumbled for the keyhole and unlocked the door, which gave a loud creak as he pushed it open.

THE cellar was under the front of the house—John remembered that, although he had not been here for years. He made for it cautiously, flashing the light to get his bearings, kicking away obstacles. One hand felt in front of him, the other grasped his stick. At last he touched the back wall and worked himself along. He was shaking with excitement, for there was the cellar door.

He went in and closed it behind him, then turned on his light to stay. By its small radiance he saw that the place appeared to be empty, with the exception of a large pile of stuff in one corner—some barrels and old broken boxes, odd pieces of wood, trash of one kind or another. Perhaps Madeleine was hiding there, terrified at the opening of the door.

"Madeleine!" he whispered, "Madeleine, are you there?" Then he heard a faint cry.

"Madeleine!" he called aloud, caution forgotten. "It's John, John Jewett, and I've come to get you out!"



The Story So Far:

Madeleine Jewett, Pauline Townsend, and Miss Rumsey spend the summer at Granite Shore, on the Massachusetts coast, the home of Madeleine's ancestors, owners of quarries; and the girl determines to solve a mystery involving her great-grandfather, James Jewett, who had left Granite Shore on being accused of stealing a money-belt from a French girl, whom he and a seaman, Matt Corey, rescued in a shipwreck. His brother married the girl (whom both loved), but James, who himself married in the West, named his daughter Marie Madeleine for his lost sweetheart—and the name recurred in every generation thereafter.

Madeleine and Pauline, pursuing clues, notice an old woman who follows them; find the original Jewett house was burned; discover the tumbled-down "new" house, near the quarries; and meet Madeleine's distant cousin, John Jewett. A friendship develops between John and Madeleine.

The girls quarrel, and Madeleine goes with John to a fortune teller—the old woman, Tess, already mentioned. Tess says the money-belt was hidden beneath the chimney of the Jewett house, and Madeleine decides to dig up the foundations. John agrees to show her the old mansion, but fails to keep the appointment, and Madeleine explores it alone. She goes into the cellar—and hears the key turned in the lock.

The police hunt for Madeleine in vain. John explains that he sent a note, saying he could not meet her. He decides to find her himself and is told her whereabouts by old Tess.

Illustrated by MERLE REED

MISS RUMSEY AND MADELEINE WERE ESCORTED TO CHAIRS PLACED BEFORE THE CAPTAIN

ing a revolver. "Gee whiz, the lost kid!" It was one of the troopers who had been detailed to search the house, for the chief had decided that

He made his way around the pile of rubbish and saw Madeleine there, crouching behind it, looking at him with terrified eyes. She sprang up as John hurried to her, and burst into convulsive sobs. He put his arms about her, and she clutched him.

"Oh, John, I was so terribly frightened!" she cried. "And I was so afraid of the rats. Oh, John, it was dreadful."

"I'm sure it was," said John gently. "Now we must get out, just as soon as you can pull yourself together. You'll be home in half an hour, but, dear girl, you've simply got to stop that crying."

Madeleine swallowed back her sobs, while John flashed the light about. Around the jog of the wall, out of range of vision from the door into the kitchen, he saw a surprising sight. There was a solid mass of new boxes piled almost to the ceiling.

"Bootleggers," he muttered. "We must get out of here in double quick."

Madeleine pulled herself together with an effort. Suddenly she stopped, and, at the same instant, John gripped her arm. They had both heard a noise in the kitchen. John had been holding up the torch so they could see. Now, startled, he dropped it with a thud, leaving them in darkness.

"Who do you think it is?" Madeleine whispered.

"I don't know," John answered. "But we'll fight whoever it is. You get behind me, and keep perfectly still."

He felt for her hand, and pushed her back. Breathlessly they waited, then they heard the creak of the door opening, and a man's voice. "Hullo, is anyone there?"

John boldly took a chance. "Yes," he shouted, "Madeleine Jewett!"

A fist holding a flashlight was thrust through the partly opened door. A bulky figure appeared, the other hand grasp-

ing a revolver. "Gee whiz, the lost kid!" It was one of the troopers who had been detailed to search the house, for the chief had decided that the best way to eliminate it as a possible clue to the girl's disappearance, was to have a look at it immediately.

At this moment Madeleine collapsed, for the first time in her life. John and the trooper got her home between them. She and Paul, their quarrel forgotten, flew into each other's arms, and Miss Rumsey laughed and wept by turns. Mr. Jewett's steamer had been reached by wireless, and now they sent the distracted father a second message, "Madeleine safe and well."

IN THE morning Madeleine was wanted at the police station to answer questions, and tell her story. The affair also promised the solution of the bootlegging trouble. If they got one rogue, the others might be caught, too. Miss Rumsey went with her, and they found the place full of people, the Captain sitting at his desk, John Jewett at one side, the State trooper at the other. Professor Knowlton and Mr. Beldon were right behind them.

Madeleine wondered why John did not rise to greet her, and why he made no response to her friendly smile. She and Miss Rumsey were escorted to chairs placed before the Captain, and it was all very solemn and uncomfortable.

The officer spoke sympathetically, asking Madeleine to tell them just what had happened. "Don't overlook the slightest thing," he said kindly. "We must get to the bottom of this mystery."

Madeleine tried to remember everything from the time she had left Mrs. Wardwell's house, to the moment that she had heard John's voice. She had not seen anybody in the old house, she told them. The door had just closed and the key had been turned in the lock. She had heard footsteps—that was all.

The Captain thanked her, then turned towards John. "My

boy, I have known you a long time. I respect your aunt, and I wish to give you a chance to explain. In the first place, how did you know that this young girl was in that cellar?"

"Someone came and told me, sir."

"Who told you?" said the Captain.

John looked straight at him and spoke quietly. "I cannot tell you, sir."

"You can't tell me?" repeated the Captain. "But you *must* tell me—to clear yourself. Do you realize that this young girl was held prisoner in a house that belongs to you, that she came there in response to an arrangement with you, that you yourself were found there by one of our troopers? Why didn't you ask for police protection if you went, as you claim, to rescue Madeleine?"

Before John had a chance to speak, Madeleine burst out indignantly, "It wasn't John who shut me in the cellar! Never! And he did come to save me. I was almost crazy in the dark, with rats running around, not knowing what was going to happen, and then John came—" Her voice broke. "Afterwards—John would have died to protect me—I know he would."

JOHN looked at her steadily, then a quick smile lighted his dark face. He spoke, choosing his words carefully. "Word was brought me last night that Madeleine was in the old house. I had to promise not to tell who it was, and to go alone—that was the condition. I knew nothing of the cellar's being used by bootleggers. Madeleine was interested in the house, and I had promised to show it to her." He paused for a second. "It is inconceivable that you should think me a bootlegger, or kidnaper, or dream that I would harm Madeleine in any way."

"John, we all believe you are innocent," said Professor Knowlton, "but unfortunately you have gotten yourself into a compromising position. I am afraid that you will have to prove your innocence now."

"I can prove it," said John proudly. He looked defiantly around, then his expression softened. "Ask me anything but that one question, and I shall answer, Captain."

The officer took a paper out of the drawer, and looked it over. "It has been brought to our attention that you were seen one night at the quarries—where the murder was—and we have been suspicious of that place for some time. Can you tell us what you were doing there at such a late hour?"

"I suppose I had gone to swim in one of the quarries," John answered. "I do that often."

"You have told us that you sent a note to Madeleine, saying that you could not meet her. What proof have you?"

"There is only my word and Manuel's," replied John. "I can not prove it."

"The note was not found," said the officer. "What do you know of Manuel?"

"You know as much of him as I do," John countered. "He's been around the wharves all his life."

"You've been around the wharves yourself," the officer remarked. "Haven't you heard anything of this bootlegging? Have you no suspicions?"

"I was on the wharves tending to my business, which was sailing Captain Perkins's boats," John answered. "I have told you before that I knew nothing of this gang—or that they were storing their stuff in my house."

The Captain thought for a minute. "Where were you between four and six on Saturday afternoon?"

"Off Glosport," said John tersely. He looked very tired. "I was drifting. Had engine trouble, couldn't land my party till ten that night."

"Who was in that party?" asked the officer.

"They were people from Boston," John answered. "I do not know them."

"Now this is my last question," the officer told him, "and you must answer it carefully, for it is very important. Why didn't you inform us that you took Madeleine to see old Tess, the afternoon before all this happened?"

For the first time John had a guilty appearance. His eyes fell, and a dull color flooded his face. Then he spoke in a low tone. "I like old Tess, and thought it a shame when she was tormented last winter. I did not think she had anything to do with Madeleine's disappearance, and I did not wish to get her into trouble."

"Well," said the officer, touching a button, "we will hear now what *she* has to say."

A trooper came in, and stood at attention. "Did you find the old woman?" the officer asked.

"We found her," the man answered, "but she was lying on the floor of her room. Had a stroke or something. I got her on the bed, and have sent the doctor (*Continued on page 30*)

THE WAVES WERE UNUSUALLY HIGH. COULD HE MAKE IT ALONE?



When the usually scornful Lofty showed an unprecedented interest in Christmas carols, Bushy thought she smelled a rat

THE MERRIE GENTLEMEN

By

EDITH BALLINGER PRICE

Illustrated by LESLIE TURNER

"**G**OD rest you, merry gentlemen," sang Edward Lofting Ryder experimentally, in a voice which could not always be depended upon to stay where he wanted it. Unsatisfied with the result of his first trial, he pitched the carol somewhat higher, and was the more chagrined at the dire squeak he this time produced. Quite naturally he thought himself alone, and was distinctly put out to hear a too familiar voice interrupt him from the doorway of his room.

"That's wrong—utterly wrong," his young sister, Bushy, observed wearily, disregarding the baleful look that was turned upon her.

"What do you mean, wrong?" Lofty demanded. "It's the right tune, and the right words. I haven't quite settled on the pitch yet—that's all."

"I don't mean the tune," Bushy explained, "though I *could* say something about that. I mean, you have the comma in the wrong place."

"Hey?" said Lofty.

"The comma. It's 'God rest you merry, gentlemen,' not 'God rest you, merry gentlemen.'"

"Hey?" said Lofty again. "I don't hear any difference—and there is none, anyway. Also, you're interrupting my privacy. Scram!"

"Very well," Bushy said. "Of course, I don't know what you're practicing this *for*. It's a most unusual occupation for you, so there must be something back of it, I suppose. I merely thought you might like to get it right, while you're about it."

"Come back here!" Lofty called after his sister, who had started down the stairs. Bushy paused, with her hand on the banister.

"I was just going to see if I could discover a stray morsel of food," she sighed. Lofty gave a self-conscious cough.

"Well, go ahead, child, go ahead," he recommended. "Er—if you do find anything, just bring me up a bite, will you? A fellow needs sustenance this cold weather."

"No apologies necessary," Bushy told him lightly.

She was back almost at once with three fruit crackers and a small slice of cold ham. This ill-assorted snack she divided with praiseworthy fairness, using Lofty's knife and a china pin tray from which she first emptied the pins. Lofty chewed gingerly, as if expecting to find that her choice of a dish was perilous after all.

"I don't admire your methods in the least," he mumbled. "Why couldn't you have brought the stuff in a decent saucer to begin with? Now, what was all this about a comma?"



CONCEALED BY THE CURTAIN, BUSHY PEERED IN CAUTIOUSLY

"Comma?" repeated Bushy. "Ah, yes! What I mean is—it's not the gentlemen that are supposed to be merry, it's the God-rest-you."

"Talk sense," said Lofty, looking gloomily at his pin tray which would be unfit for its original purpose until washed.

"I am," Bushy insisted. "It's 'God rest you merry comma gentlemen,' see? Like 'Sweet may you rest,' or some such thing. It's *not* 'God rest you comma merry gentlemen,' meaning that *they're* merry."

"Help!" Lofty begged. "The more you jabber, the less you mean. Take that dish now, and wash it and bring it back here."

"It may not make sense to you," Bushy remarked. "You speak like a twentieth-century idiot—Miss Wilkinson said so."

"The dickens she did!" Lofty cried. "What business has she? She's not my teacher, anyway! What the—"

"Tut, tut," Bushy soothed him. "She said we all did, nowadays. Maybe it wasn't idiot. Twentieth-century something—"

"Idiom, I'll bet," Lofty said disgustedly. "We all speak in the twentieth-century idiom. Of course that was it. Idiot yourself. But where were we, now?"

"I was saying, of course it didn't make sense to you," Bushy proceeded, "because it's Elizabethan—like, 'An it please you, sirs,' and all that kind of thing. It's like saying Merrie Christemasse, with too many E's and S's, don't you know?"

"It's nothing like that," Lofty said firmly. "And



"LET NOTHING YOU DISMAY," SANG LOFTY

seeing that I've been studying Shakespeare all this term, and you haven't, who should know?"

"Here, I'll get the book," said Bushy conclusively.

The book, on being consulted, showed the comma after the 'merry,' even as Bushy had said. Lofty said nothing, as people worsted in argument are so apt to do, and Bushy departed triumphantly to wash the pin tray. As she washed, she trolled:

"God rest you merry—gentlemen,
"Let nothing you dismay!"

The Ryder family, however, was increasingly dismayed during the next few days. For carols were heard at all hours and in varying keys, mostly proceeding from behind the closed door of Lofty's room, but sometimes more boldly given forth. This persistent Merrieness of her brother's puzzled Bushy not a little, for music had never been one of his accomplishments. Also, in the past, he had been used to denounce the old customs and traditions of Christmastide as out-of-date sentimentality.

"This is going to be sweet," Bushy told him. "Mother at the piano, and you and me caroling—and red candles in the window, and a holly wreath. I've always yearned for a family like that."

"You'll have to keep right on yearning," Lofty replied with brutal finality.

"You mean all this is not for our benefit?" Bushy demanded.

"Is it for something you're having at school, dear?" Mrs.

Ryder inquired mildly. "A Christmas play, or something?"

"Absolutely not," cried Lofty. "Oh, can't a fellow sing a few carols this time of year, without everybody acting as if it was a problem for a detective or something?"

"Problem for a brain specialist," Bushy murmured, "to examine *your* brain, of course—if any."

"That will do," said Mrs. Ryder. "I think it's very nice for Lofty to be singing carols, as a matter of fact."

"There!" cried Lofty, triumphantly. "By the way, Mother, do you happen to know where that old costume is—the one I wore for Robin Hood in the pageant a couple of years ago?"

"I know exactly where it is," Mrs. Ryder assured him, "but I don't think you could possibly get into it, now."

"You don't mean you're considering *wearing* it?" Bushy asked incredulously. "Has it anything to do with the carols? I'll bet it has! I'll bet I know what the whole thing is—one of these snifty, superior, think-you're-grown-up parties, with Margie Olmsted and all that crowd; the kind you never by any chance invite me to. But if you're under the impression that you'll look superior and grown-up in that skimpy Robin Hood outfit, singing 'God Rest You Merry, Gentlemen,' you're quite mistaken—as usual."

Bushy had the opportunity to deliver herself of the whole of this long denunciation for the reason that her mother had gone to look for the costume in question, and Lofty himself was in process of withdrawal. He stuck his head back into the room long enough to remark, "Who ever said I was going to wear it? My dear Beatrice, as a jumper at conclusions you should carry off a blue ribbon."

Nothing further developed in the carol situation for a time, until Lofty, apparently not satisfied with the original "God Rest You Merry," and "The First Nowell," was discovered by Bushy impatiently picking out "Shepherds, Shake Off Your Drowsy Sleep," with one finger on the piano. He paused so long between notes that the tempo was seriously disturbed and the melody well-nigh lost.

Bushy stood it as long as she could, and then she observed, "Let me assist you, Edward. Even if I am not to be let into your ultimate plans, at least I can help you with the preliminaries."

Lofty twiddled back and forth on the piano stool in evident doubt, muttering something about people using big words of which they probably did not know the meaning, and then said hastily, "Oh, I'm just trying to pick up this tune. Quite a nice one, eh?"

"Very nice indeed," Bushy assented. "But you won't pick it up that way, which is why I offered my humble services." She brushed him off the piano stool and dashed through the tune quite nimbly, using two or three fingers.

"That's it, is it?" Lofty said, peering over her shoulder and humming. "Just oblige with it again, will you?"

Bushy obliged, without comment, several times.

"By the way," Lofty remarked suddenly, "do you happen to know anybody who plays the fiddle—or the trumpet or something?"

Bushy spun around on the stool and faced him. "See here, my lad, you know who all my friends are, just as well as I do. Do you think I've been holding out on you with half a dozen musicians all this time?"

"Well, you hobnob with so many curious characters unknown to me, how should I know?" Lofty said lightly. He added in a reflective tone, "I suppose it should be an hautboy, anyway, to be correct." (Continued on page 37)



LESLIE TURNER '36

"I KNOW," BUSHY SAID UNEASILY, "BUT I FORGOT TO TELL HIM"



ORSON
LOWELL

The Sports of Yesteryear
XII—THE GAME OF HEARTS
by Orson Lowell



CERTAINLY YOU HAD NEVER EXPECTED JACK ALLEN TO 'PHONE

THE telephone rings while you and your family are at dinner. Your brother jumps up to answer it. "For you, Sis," he reports back. "Jack Allen calling." Your brother's voice has a question in it, and it is a thoughtful, big-brother look which he bestows upon you as you excuse yourself to go to the telephone. You suspect—and rightly, no doubt—that your brother considers you rather young to have a telephone call from a boy. To tell the truth, you, yourself, are a little surprised. Certainly you never expected Jack Allen to call you.

Jack, we'll say, is a boy who lives down the street. His sister—we will name her Alice, for convenience—is your best friend. Scarcely a day passes that you and Alice don't spend an hour or so at her house or your house, discussing school, hair-do's, clothes, the movies, books—and boys. Lately boys have been a frequent subject of discussion. Why do all the boys like Elizabeth? Why does Nancy get stuck at dances?—the whole question of popularity. That's your main theme.

Until yesterday Jack was one boy to whom you had never given a passing thought. An awkward, untidy boy, he was, who hated to wear a necktie, and never cared in the least how he looked. Alice and her mother tried in vain to get him to take an interest in his appearance, but he was too busy building huts for his club, playing baseball, and going fishing, to pay attention to their remarks and urgings.

You were quite unprepared for the spic and span Jack who arrived home yesterday after a year away at school. You must have looked stunned when he came into the room where you and Alice were planning the class picnic. For, after he left, Alice said she was as surprised as you were at the improvement in him. "It's grand for the family not to have to remind him any more about washing his face and combing his hair. We even think he is getting quite good-looking," she went on. You agreed that he was, and that school had certainly done wonders for his manners and his looks.

With this picture of a changed Jack in your mind's eye, you go to the telephone, a little pleased and excited. For although boys have begun to seem interesting to you, as yet dates are still something of a new experience.

So when Jack Allen, sounding very dignified and grown-

Getting along with boys is important! So is knowing how to introduce them to your family, how to entertain them at home, how to be "good company" and the sort of a girl boys like. It's easier—and more fun, too—when you know the rules

WILL YOU BE AT HOME THIS EVENING?

By

BEATRICE PIERCE

up, asks if he may come over to call on you, needless to say you feel that the moment is an important one. What shall you reply? If you say "yes," what will you do with him after he arrives? Talk? Play games? What about the family? Should Mother and Father stay around all evening and help you entertain him, or should they tactfully go to the movies?

Not so very far back in history (about Grandmother's day), when a young man asked to call on a young lady she replied primly, "Mother and I will be very glad to see you." Or, "Mother and I will be at home Tuesday from four to six."

But, of course, in those days a girl didn't have "boy friends." She had "beaux." Not until she was old enough to consider the men of her acquaintance as prospective husbands was she allowed to have male callers.

IT IS so very different now that a girl in her early or middle teens, unchaperoned, goes to the movies, or out to play tennis, or to skate, or ski, with the boys she knows and of whom her family approves. No one thinks of the boys as "paying attention" to the girl. Few girls are so foolish as to limit their friendships to any one boy. Instead the young girl to-day usually has a number of good friends—boys—whom she enjoys being with; and she waits until she is past twenty before she lets herself think of any boy as the "one and only."

A boy these days drops in to see a girl almost as casually as he stops at the house of a boy he knows. There is this difference, however—and an important one it is, too. *A girl doesn't entertain boys in her home except when there is some older person in the house.* It is no longer customary for a girl's mother to remain in the room with her daughter and her young caller, but it is customary for parents to be at home, or to have some other relative or responsible older person at home, whenever the daughter of the house entertains.

When your friend, Jack Allen, comes over to call on you, your parents probably will refrain from saying that they had planned to go to the movies. Instead, out of consideration for you, they will be on hand to welcome Jack when he comes, and to inquire about his life at school. And after that they may excuse themselves, perhaps with the remark that they are going into the library to do some reading, or to listen to the radio. If there is no library in your home for them to retire to, and no upstairs living room, they may suggest that perhaps Jack would like to see the new recrea-

tion room in your basement or attic, and try out the ping pong set. Or they may vouchsafe that you might enjoy sitting on the porch, or suggest that you go out to the kitchen to make candy. A girl can usually count on her parents not to monopolize the evening and to find some tactful way of leaving her to do her own entertaining.

But let's suppose that instead of being a boy they have known from babyhood, Jack Allen is a stranger to your family. What then?

First, it is your responsibility to be ready to receive him when he arrives at your house. He will feel a bit shy if he has to run the gauntlet of the family, without you to introduce him. But you don't need to be out in the front yard, watching for him; and you mustn't plan to meet him down at the corner. If he arrives in a car, and sits outside your house, honking his horn instead of coming up to the door and ringing the bell, of course you cannot let him go on indefinitely disturbing the peace of the whole neighborhood. But don't go running out to the car. Call to him from the

must never start out, "Jack, this is my mother." It must be always, "Mother, this is Jack."

If you and your caller are seated in the living room at the time your mother looks in to say "How-do-you-do," naturally both of you stand up. Do it as though you meant it as a courtesy to her—which of course it is—not as though it were a great effort to pull yourself out of your chair. Remain standing until your mother is seated. When she gets up to leave the room, once again both you and your caller rise, seating yourselves only after your mother has actually gone out of the door.

Most well-brought up boys know about these little courtesies, but the boys who don't know, or are thoughtless, will soon catch on if they see you standing up promptly when an older woman enters a room.

In introducing your friends to your parents, you do not speak of your mother or father as "Mrs. So and So" or "Mr. So and So," unless their name happens to be different from your own. If, for example, you are Florence Kent, any of

Illustrated by
MARGUERITE
DE ANGELI



A SURE WAY OF BREAKING THE ICE IS TO
TAKE YOUR FRIENDS INTO THE KITCHEN

porch, and beckon for him to come in. He may as well be broken of the horn-honking habit right at the beginning. If he is too lazy to get out of the car and ring your door bell, he isn't worth bothering about. Even though he may be taking you somewhere and hasn't come to make a call, you should invite him to come in and be introduced to the family. It is only natural that your parents should want to meet the boy who is acting as your escort.

When introducing your friends to your parents you always use your friends' first names. If a boy is Jack to you, he should be Jack to your parents.

"Mother, this is Jack Allen" is the simplest way in which to make the introduction. Or you may say instead, "Mother, may I introduce Jack Allen?" or "Mother, may I present Jack Allen?" The chief thing to remember is that you always present a boy to a girl or woman, never the reverse. So you

your friends meeting your mother would call her Mrs. Kent, just as a matter of course. Should you have a stepfather, however, whose name you have not taken as your own, you would word your introduction like this: "Mother, this is Jack Allen. Jack, my mother, Mrs. Gerald." Or, "My father, Mr. Gerald."

When you introduce your caller to your father or brother, or to any man or boy who happens to be in the household, you present the younger person to the older one. "Father, may I introduce Jack Allen?" is correct. If your brother is noticeably younger than Jack, you say, "Jack, this is my brother Bruce."

In introducing sisters-in-law or brothers-in-law, it is much more gracious to refer to them as sisters or brothers, omitting the "in law" qualification.

The acknowledgment to all (Continued on page 49)



GIRL SCOUTS OF SIOUX CITY, IOWA, RUN A WORKSHOP TO REJUVENATE OLD DOLLS FOR SANTA CLAUS'S PACK



MINNEAPOLIS, MINNESOTA GIRL SCOUTS CAPTURE THE REAL SPIRIT OF YULETIDE SINGING CAROLS FOR THEIR NEIGHBORS



VOLUNTEERS IN THE FIGHT AGAINST DISEASE. DULUTH, MINNESOTA GIRL SCOUTS CONTRIBUTE THEIR SERVICES IN THE ANNUAL CAMPAIGN TO SELL TUBERCULOSIS STAMPS. HERE THEY ARE STUFFING ENVELOPES CONTAINING APPEALS FOR FUNDS. THEY SEEM VERY EFFICIENT AT IT, TOO

PEACE ON EARTH

Only through better
be achieved. Good
in good will from



AT LEFT: THE GIRLS OF CHRISTMAS WHICH THEY APPROX A S
AT RIGHT: A LAST TO
LITTLE SISTER'S WILL



T ~ GOOD WILL...

thether can the former
 Gscounts learn lessons
 froming the community



BROTHER'S TOP IS SO FASCINATING WITH ITS SPINNING COLORS THAT OTHER PRESENTS ARE FORGOTTEN



Photo by
 Ruth Nichols

BIRDS CHRISTMAS TREE, TOO,
 APPRECIATE A SNOWY MORNING.
 A LASTH TO SEW BEFORE
 TER'S WILL BE READY



GIRL SCOUTS OF TROOPS 99 AND 181 OF
 FLUSHING, NEW YORK, AS WISE MEN AND
 SHEPHERDS IN THEIR CHRISTMAS PLAY



Photo by
 Ruth Nichols

ABOVE: SUBSTITUTES FOR SANTA, HANGING
 STOCKINGS THEY HAVE MADE THEMSELVES.
 AT LEFT: GIRL SCOUTS OF TROOP 1, SAINT
 PAUL, MINNESOTA, ARRANGE A DOWN-TOWN
 CHRISTMAS TREAT FOR SOME ENRAPPED
 CHILDREN FROM SAINT PAUL'S ORPHANAGE





THE LITTLE HOUSE AT FORT LEAVENWORTH, KANSAS, AFTER PLANTING THE LIVE CHRISTMAS TREES

THE LIVE CHRISTMAS TREE CLUB

FORT LEAVENWORTH, KANSAS: Are you tree-conscious? Do you enjoy the shade of trees without realizing the long years of growth it took to furnish you that shade? Do you ever look at a tree and wonder about the parade of life that has passed beneath its branches—if not human life, certainly animal and bird life? Do you take into consideration the fact that trees furnish us with warmth, shelter, furniture, paper, and a host of other things? These ideas and many like them—especially the sad alleys after Christmas, where all the trees which have been symbolic of joy lie dead—are the ones back of the Live Christmas Tree Club. Its aim, of course, is to stimulate the planting of evergreens to be used as Christmas trees—trees not to be discarded when Christmas is over, but to live and grow, and to give joy for many years to come.

We found that it was not necessary to sell this idea to girls and boys, for, with rare exceptions, every one wanted to own a tree. But the following notice was placed in our daily bulletin to enlist the interest of those parents who love trees, too.

"Parents—your attention please! The Girl Scouts of Fort Leavenworth are sponsoring a Live Christmas Tree Club. The purpose of this club is to assist the Garden Club of America in its plan for the conservation of Christmas greens; to inculcate in young people a love and respect for nature by making them proud possessors of living trees (each tree will bear the name-tag of the girl or boy to whom it belongs), and to aid the present plans for beautification of our interesting and historic post. Each family who will buy a live Christmas tree will automatically become a member of the club. While this club is sponsored by the Girl Scouts, it should by no means be confined to them. The idea should be progressive, and we hope this year is only the beginning. What we are able to accomplish depends entirely upon your interest and coöperation. Won't you please be an original investor in an idea which we hope to make nation-wide?"

You can't imagine where our strongest reaction came from—the men! Truly! They remembered the trees they had as boys, or trees their classes in school or college had planted, and they were enthusiastic in their coöperation. The young people, as I have said, were interested in the idea as soon as it was presented to them. One lad, about fourteen years old, when he couldn't interest his family in purchasing a live Christmas tree, saved enough from his already closely budgeted allowance, to buy one himself. Needless to say he got the biggest and best for the price that could be had.

How we did it is another story. Although it is work, it's worthwhile work. Some willing person must be IT, for it means a month of 'phone calls and answering all manner of questions. You should get to work on the plans as soon as the last mouthful of Thanksgiving turkey is swallowed. I repeat some willing person, because unless she, or he, is willing and loves the idea back of the task, it will be a hard one. This is a very personal thing to every investor, and each one wants to know all about it. It's his, or her, own Live Christmas Tree.

Please bear in mind that the following suggestions are just the product of one year's experience, and of course the situation will be slightly different in each locality—though you'll find that the florists get the spirit of the enterprise and will give you good prices, especially on collective orders. You'll also find it a help to anticipate the questions which follow, and be ready to answer them.

THE SPIRIT OF C

expression in the Community Ser



A PRESENT FOR EVERYONE AT THE CHRISTMAS PARTY GIVEN BY BOY AND GIRL SCOUTS OF MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN

1. Where are we going to buy the live trees?
2. How much are they going to cost? (Get a list of heights, prices, and species and keep it near your telephone, and also keep one in your pocket whenever you go outside your door.)
3. How and where will the trees be delivered?
4. How to plant and take care of them?
5. What is the extra charge for planting, if the man of the house cannot do so?
6. What evergreens are native to the particular locality? (Junipers, pines, and spruce, in order named, stand the shock of change of temperature best.)

Don't let the fact that many people live in apartments dampen your enthusiasm—suggest a community project. Above all, have parents sign slips requesting trees before placing orders collectively—otherwise, let the transaction be directly between parent and florist. Enlist your civic organizations. Why not the Chamber of Commerce, Junior Chamber of Commerce, or some other public spirited unit?

Be enthusiastic! Remember these are Christmas trees, not just any tree, and that they are to live and give joy to the purchaser for years, on Christmas morning.

Last—have a Tree Planting Ceremony. Have your Mayor, or some outstanding person in your community, plant his own tree, provided of course, you can enlist his interest and support. Our General, Brigadier General Herbert J. Brees, braved the icy blasts of winter to plant his tree in front of our Girl Scout Little House, the landscaping of which was our Community Project for this year. The ceremony was short, but impressive. First the girls sang "America the Beautiful," then Mrs. Edward J. McGaw, our commissioner, made a few gracious remarks, after which General Brees told of an early boyhood spent in a treeless section of Wyoming, and as a consequence just how much, personally, a tree meant to him. The girls then sang the "Tree Song" from the *Girl Scout Song Book* as the concluding number.

The writer wishes to take this opportunity to thank the local

F CHRISTMAS finds ty Service undertaken by Girl Scouts



CRIPPLED CHILDREN
ENJOYED THE CAROLS
SUNG BY THESE GIRL
SCOUTS OF ST. JOSEPH,
MISSOURI

council of Fort Leavenworth, and especially their commissioner, Mrs. McGaw, the Girl Scout leaders, the parents, and the girls themselves, for their enthusiasm and support. For, of course, without their sponsoring the idea, there would have been no Live Christmas Tree Club, no brave little trees on lawns for lighting, and no landscaping of the hills around the Little House with sixty-two evergreen trees. These trees are gaily green and show every promise of living to gladden other Christmases, and to give pleasure throughout the years.

Do please help this Club grow. Don't only *take* trees—*give* trees to future generations.—ELIZABETH R. BARNES.

THE REGISTRATION CEREMONY

LEXINGTON, KENTUCKY: The girls of Troop No. 6 thought you might like to know something about our birthday party last night. The place cards and programs had our troop dogwood on them. We used Girl Scout napkins and had Girl Scout blotters for favors. The decorations were Christmas greens and red candles. Red is our troop color. We had a great big birthday cake, with four red candles, in the middle of the speakers' table.



ABOVE: GIRL SCOUTS OF SANTA BARBARA, CALIFORNIA DISPLAY GIFTS THEY HAVE MADE TO BRING CHRISTMAS CHEER TO HOSPITAL PATIENTS. AT LEFT: ELMIRA, NEW YORK, GIRL SCOUTS CONTRIBUTE THEIR TIME TO HELPING MAIL TUBERCULOSIS SEALS

We made the programs and place cards and song sheets on our duplicator. The women of the church cooked and served the dinner, but the Girl Scouts set the tables and did the decorating.

The troop surprised Mrs. Ammons by giving her a corsage of pink roses, baby's breath, and ferns, tied with silver ribbon, just before she made her speech.

There were eighty-four Girl Scouts, fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters, leaders, troop committee members, and friends at our dinner.

This is the first time we ever did the registration ceremony. We liked it very much. To-day we are sending National our 1936 registrations for thirty-two Girl Scouts, five leaders, and seven troop committee members.

In another room we had a display of things we have made. These are some of them—seventeen dressed dolls for Christmas gifts to mountain children; our Nature Finder books; Health winner records; sweaters made by our knitting group; canned vegetables and fruit put up by Canner badge girls; baby dresses made to pass Second Class sewing; dresses, blouse, skirt, playsuits, underwear, all made for Needlewoman and Dressmaker badges; posters and notebooks for Minstrel, Housekeeper, First Aid, Scribe, and Nurse badges; a Girl Scout stamp collection; our troop scrap books; soap carving; and a card board replica of an early Shakespeare theater, home, and actors.

We are having a contest for a troop song, but four songs are all that have come in as yet.—JEANNE BUREAU, Troop No. 6.

BOY SCOUT AND GIRL SCOUT PARTY

MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN: Gathered at a round table conference, the Boy Scout and Girl Scout leaders of the Thirty-seventh Street School decided on a joint Christmas party. Plans speedily went forth and soon became a grand and glorious reality. It was an exciting moment when the Boy Scouts and Girl Scouts gathered, in khaki and green, eager to take part.

The party opened with a flag presentation, a Boy Scout acting as flag bearer, and two Girl Scouts as color guards. After the pledge of allegiance had been said, the program began.

The mistress of ceremonies extended a greeting, and led us in Christmas carols and Girl Scout and Boy Scout songs.

Girl Scout Troop No. 118 pantomimed Indian lore with a reader explaining; Boy Scout Troop No. 91 followed with selections on musical instruments; and Girl Scout Troop No. 74 gave a song presentation. My own troop, No. 8, gave a play, "Juliette Low's Dream Come True," which was about having a World Court in the United States. It was full of color as all the girls in our troop were in it, with costumes representing the various countries of the world; and we presented the gifts around a bonfire.

Dancing and games provided amusement for guests of all ages. Music was furnished by several Scouts, and Santa Claus paid us a visit and distributed gifts to all while we sang "Jingle Bells."

Refreshments were served and, too soon, the time came to depart, but all were satisfied with the wonderful time they had had.

Among our guests of honor were the principal of the school, a representative from Girl Scout headquarters, and troop committee members.—JANET M. KENNEDY, Scribe, Troop 8.



Christmas Day in the Morning

Gifts, and lots of them—but best of all—Girl Scout Gifts

A Bathrobe—a good-looking, warm, roomy, tailored model of deep green, all wool flannel. Turned-back cuffs and pockets are double stitched and seams are securely sewn. A serviceable robe for lounging or for camping. Sizes 12-18, 38-40. 8-403 \$6.00

Bedroom Slippers are green to match the robe, and have the trefoil stenciled on the toe. The uppers are of soft green leather, and the suede soles have a cushioned heel. Sizes 3-8 (no half sizes) 5-721 \$1.50

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New York, N. Y.

QUARRY HILL

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 20

up to her, but she wants to see this boy here."

The officer rose. "A stroke!" he exclaimed. "Then I guess we'll have to go up there."

The doctor was with Tess when they arrived, and he came out to meet them. "Don't let her talk much," he said, "she's pretty sick."

"Is it a stroke?"

The doctor nodded. "I gather that she has been under some strain lately, and at her age one cannot stand it."

Tess lay flat on her uncomfortable bed, to all appearances the same as ever. Her eyes roamed restlessly about, however, then they fastened on John and Madeleine. Her expression changed. "Jay," she mumbled. "I want to speak to Jay—"

With a quick movement John stepped to her side. "Tess," he said gently, "you must not worry. Everything is fine, now that Madeleine is found. You must just lie there and get better, and don't fuss about anything."

"But I must have a word with you first," said the officer brusquely. "This young man—" he laid his hand on John's shoulder—"is accused of being in conspiracy to kidnap Madeleine Jewett. If you have any information, you must speak."

"To kidnap Madeleine! Jay!" It was a cry like that of an animal in pain. Tess struggled to raise herself. "Jay," she whimpered. "Jay, no, no—"

John leaned over, taking her helpless hand in his. He held it as if trying to bring it back to life. "Don't talk, Tess," he pleaded. "I can prove my innocence—don't you worry about that."

"But you *must* talk," said the officer sternly. He pushed John aside. "As you are going to meet your Maker, Tess Corey, tell us what you know!"

Tess glared at him. "It is the end," she snarled. "I need no one to tell me that, and it was fear that killed me, fear! I fear no one now. It was Joe Dahl who shut the girl up, to hold for ransom, not I! But I've helped him at other times. It was I who gave him the key to the house." Her voice trailed off, her eyes closed. "I know every inch of that cellar," she murmured. "My father searched—and I—but we never found it."

The doctor stepped forward. "I've got to interfere."

BUT poor old Tess would talk no more. She had gone beyond the help of doctors. The party filed out quietly, and walked to where the cars had been parked. The officer hurried after John, and thrust out his hand. "I am sorry, Jay, that we had to put you through such a grilling. You didn't have much sleep last night. Better go home and rest."

Madeleine walked between Mr. Beldon and Professor Knowlton. They kept up a conversation, congratulating her on her escape, praising John, asking questions, but she hardly heard them. Her mind was in a ferment. What did all this mean? John was vindicated, and that was the most important thing—but what about old Tess? Madeleine was overwrought by all she had gone through, she felt like crying and laughing together. Poor old Tess, Tess Corey! If Tess was a Corey, it was easy to see how she knew so much about the money-belt, that day she told Madeleine's fortune. It had been neither

second sight, nor reading Madeleine's mind, but actual knowledge.

Madeleine and John sat together in the back of the officer's car. They were quiet for a time, then she looked at him and smiled. "I was just frantic, John, but I'm awfully happy now."

The boy smiled back. "It looked awfully black for a time, didn't it?"

Madeleine squeezed his arm affectionately. "John, it seems terrible my thinking or speaking of it now, but did you hear what they called Tess? 'Tess Corey.'"

"Why, yes," said John, "that was her name—Corey, Tess Corey." His face was serious. "I suppose Tess was something of a rogue, but she told me where you were, Madeleine, at the risk of her own life. I can see now why she was so scared. She was in that smuggling business and mixed up with Dahl. He would have killed her if he had known she had given him away."

Madeleine shuddered. "Yes, that man

would do anything. But Tess is beyond any mischief of his, now." For a moment her eyes clouded with sorrow for the old woman, then she went on, "John, you must think I am possessed, the way I talk about the Jewetts, and that house, and the money belt but you really must listen to me now. If Tess was a Corey, all the things she told us the other day were true. She *knew*—it wasn't just a guess. John, we're going to have a treasure hunt. Just as soon as we can. You heard what Tess said? 'My father searched, and I, but we never found it!' It flashed on me, the second she said that—it must have been the first house, the homestead, the one that burned down. Matt Corey must have buried the belt in that cellar! We'll begin our hunt right there!"

The next installment will be the last. It will unravel the mystery, and answer all your questions about the events of this unusual story—and it will give you a thrill, besides.

GIRL BITES DOG

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8

flatten, I knew it was a sign that he was going to give all that was in him.

Nevertheless I breathed more easily when we had passed the long line of cheering spectators, and we could settle down, letting the dogs take their own time, heading for the open country. We had forty more miles to go and I felt that, when the time came to push my team, there was plenty of reserve energy.

When we started there were only a few flakes of snow in the air, but presently there was a blizzard. The snow froze on my eyelashes until I could scarcely see. The trail was drifting in rapidly and, up on the cliffs, the wind blew so hard that the dogs swerved with it, hardly able to keep their feet. One of my cheeks was numb and I knelt on the runners to offer less wind resistance, now and then rubbing my face with a handful of snow, trying to bring some feeling back into it.

In the timber the wind was calmer and, from a logging road, I could distinguish a team coming. Someone had picked me up. I looked again and saw the leader swing into the course. Then I recognized the driver. It was Pierson's team. The Indian, after passing the other teams, had shortcut the trail, which gave him an advantage of six miles in which to catch me. He had cut in between the timing posts along the way. I looked at my watch and saw that there could be no doubt about it, as it was not otherwise possible that he could have gained so much on me.

At a bend in the trail I saw that the Indian had stopped his team. He ran up to the leader and put something into his mouth, then he did the same with each dog down the line. This done, he cracked his whip and came on, gaining every second.

I pulled off my parka and began to run. By this time, Pierson's ugly leader was close at my heels. But it was no use, I could not keep ahead of him and I pulled out to let him by. I had seen the Indian put something into the dogs' mouths, and now, as they passed, there was a strong smell of ether. I knew that ether acted as a temporary stimulant, but it was such an old trick, and such a stupid one, I was surprised that anyone driving for Pierson would have used it. The effect, while it lasted, was a tremendous burst of speed, but the dogs could never keep going at that pace, and I knew I could bank

on the result when the ether wore off. For a few miles, I let my dogs set their own pace, while Pierson's team disappeared from sight.

Eventually, up a long hill ahead, I could see them again. The Indian was swinging his lash wildly, but the reaction had set in and the dogs were dead on their feet. I began to gain on them and, a mile further on, I had caught them. I called for the trail, but, to my surprise, the Indian only turned and laughed, an unpleasant laugh, as he pushed further into it. The snow on either bank was five feet deep and he knew that, if I tried to pass at the side, I would sink hopelessly into it. Perhaps he thought I would not be foolish enough to attempt the only alternative, but the seconds were precious. I called again for the trail, but he did not pull out, so I had no choice but to try and force him over.

My leader was even with his sled when, with a sort of hiss, he brought his whip down into the faces of my two young dogs behind, as they were doing their best to struggle by. With a pitiful yelp they dropped in the snow, and I was nearly up to my waist, trying to get to them, as, unused to a whip, they lay there cowering under this exhibition of foul play. Bonzo wallowed in the drifts, trying to pull the dogs along. Finally they took courage from his efforts and somehow got to their feet, pushing into the Indian's team. I expected the big hounds to turn on my dogs, but there was no fight left in them. They gave way, and the only hostility was in the glance of anger and contempt that flashed between the Indian and myself as I passed.

The time had come to push my dogs, not only to keep ahead of Pierson's team, but to gain time on the others. Interspersed with the miles of trail, alternating between open country and logging roads through the timber, were small villages where the inhabitants waited expectantly to see the teams come through. In each, virtually the same thing happened. Children stood looking up the road and, as soon as they could be sure a dog team was coming, they scattered like buckshot, rushing into houses and reappearing with the older members of the family. These, in turn, waved and nodded toward the windows, where the wrinkled faces of "Gram" and Grandpa appeared from behind the curtains. All were smiling and clapping, and all stopped like run-down (Continued on page 33)



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GIRL BITES DOG

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31

mechanical toys as I came abreast of them, and they took a good look. As soon as they recovered from the shock, there was a sort of awed exclamation, "It's The Girl!"

I felt like a horde of enemy soldiers until they broke into broad smiles again and shouted words of encouragement. One little boy, flushed with cold and excitement, called out, "She ain't even got a whip!" This was not quite true, but one of my first lessons from Seppala had been that a whip should be used only in case of trouble, and that a team driven with a lash has no heart left and works from fear rather than from the love of running. His advent into the Eastern races taught many a driver this lesson, but Pierson's Indian had yet to learn that ambition is beaten out of a dog instead of into him. I wondered what the comments of the spectators would be if the Indian came through swinging his lash, as I strongly suspected he would. For my part, I had started out in the race with a small two-foot whip in my sled bag, and I had taken it out when I passed Pierson's team, but it had not been necessary to use it, and I had lost it in the excitement of the struggle.

OFTEN I myself had waited in the telephone booth at the finish line, so I knew what would be going on there at about this time. The operator would be pressing the receiver to his ear, trying to get the reports as they came in from the posts along the way. The place would be a litter of cigarette butts, lukewarm coffee dregs, thermos bottles, half-eaten hot dogs, and grubby pieces of oiled paper, snatched from sandwiches and smeared with penciled figures and calculations.

Pierson would be jubilant. Up to now, his Indian driver had been making even better time than he had dared to expect, and he would be doing much back-slapping as he boasted about the superiority of his team. But there would be a change when the operator called for quiet to get the last report.

"What's that? Stockton calling. . . . What number? . . . Number One at Stockton . . . twelve-forty. . . ."

Pierson's face would be turning an apoplectic red. He must be saying, "That's all wet. Check back, can't you?"

There would be no more reports now. All the teams had passed Stockton, and Pierson, no doubt, was still unable to believe that "The Girl" was leading the field. One could almost see him spitting out his ever-present, half-chewed cigar in disgust.

The actual finish of that race is a blurred picture to me. As I came down the long line of spectators, I knew I must keep going as fast as possible so that none of the other teams could better my time from Stockton in. I was running and paddling my sled along amid such a din of human voices that I was dizzy. At the finish line the crowd broke through, pressing in on my dogs, and on me, until I felt as if we would be suffocated.

The newspapermen still wanted a story. I promised to tell them what I could if they would first let me send a telegram. For there was an old sourdough, thousands of miles away in Alaska, no longer able to race himself—he who had raised the canine ancestors of my team, and who had taught me all I know about dog driving. He was waiting for news, and I wanted to let him know that, this time, The Girl had bitten the dog!



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CHRISTMAS at THUNDER GAP

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11

between her legs, tripping her. The twins laughed and she saved the milk by a miraculous feat of juggling.

"What's that chicken doing in the house?" she demanded, and the twins told her joyously that it laid an egg for them every morning on the trundle bed.

"The very idea! Well, I'll learn it better!" the older sister scolded, as she shooed the hen out the door.

The cabin was in confusion. From the kitchen shed came the "swish, swish," of Mammy's churn, and the young-uns were amusing themselves as they pleased. Aaron had let the fire go out, so that a patch of cold daylight fell down the chimney into the ashes. The peppers, which had caught the firelight last night, looked grey against the smoky rafters, the beds were unmade, and little Tom pulled about a chair, to which the Least One clung, staggering.

"I'm larnin' hit to walk," he announced.

"Well, don't put so fast! Hits legs'll give out," Stacy Ellen warned, feeling Christmas far, far away. She stepped out the door and drew a deep breath of the cold mountain air. Whatever could she do? Then she stepped in again.

"How'd ye like to deck this yere house for Christmas?"

The young-uns were puzzled. "How deck it?" they enquired.

"Oh, hang it with greens and suchlike," Aaron looked dumbfounded. "They's some turnip greens in the garden," he told her doubtfully, "but they's froze."

"Holly and sichlike pretties!" she explained. And then the young-uns became interested and demanded to know more.

"If ye want to git ready for Christmas," she told them, "ye'll have to pitch in and clean up this shack within an inch o' its life—and, mind ye, it's got to shine before I tell ye any more about Christmas."

Immediately began such a scurrying to and fro that she had to stop them. "Wait!" she cried. "Aaron, you take out the ashes and lay the fire. Here, Fairannie, you sweep." She thrust a cornshuck broom into the child's hands. "Tom, you kin mind the Least One, while one twin helps me make the beds, and t'other brings in kindlin' wood."

From that moment they were so busy that Mammy, when she came in from the kitchen shed, stood amazed at the order and cleanliness she beheld.

"Now," said Stacy Ellen to the row of young-uns, "we kin begin to think about Christmas. Aaron, ye kin knock to pieces yan old barrel in the barnyard, and bring me the wire hoops. The rest o' ye pull on yore coats and come with me."

Taking a knife, she went down to the holly thicket beside the creek and cut some beautiful twigs with berries, which she dropped into the hemp sack Fairannie held open. Next she led the young-uns up through the frozen cornfield, where, perched on the snake fence, she cut twigs from the slim pointed cedar trees. Their berries were blue as the evening sky she had seen through the church-house window. Last she gathered hemlock branches with cones like tiny, brown roses. All these she carried back to the cabin, and there, before the fire, she bound twig above twig on the wire hoop until, beneath her resin-stained fingers, lay a beautiful

wreath. The young-uns watched, breathless with interest, handing her now a bit of holly, now a string to tie it, and now a cluster of cones. When the wreath was done, Stacy Ellen held it up.

"I orter have a red ribbon for it," she said critically.

"How'd a bunch o' my red peppers do?" Mammy enquired, for she had come in to admire.

"The very thing!" Stacy Ellen exclaimed, and, when she had fastened the gay red in the green, she hung the wreath on the gun peg above the fireboard. The young-uns shouted with glee, for suddenly their cabin had become festive, gala, capable of any Christmas possibility.

Stacy Ellen left Fairannie and the twins making a second wreath while she took Aaron outside and talked to him confidentially.

"I want some pretties of some kind to deck this holly tree while the young-uns are asleep night before Christmas," she told him. "Do ye reckon ye kin help me find some?"

Aaron wrinkled his freckled nose, and then remembered that he had a treasure box hidden under the house, behind the chimney.

"I low thar'll be something I could loan ye," he told his sister. "I have to keep the box hid so the young-uns won't finger my things."

With that, he dived out of sight and reappeared with a cigar box which, when opened, revealed eight feathers dropped by cardinal birds, six feathers from blue birds, and tiny feathers of the wild canary, some gay pebbles and a roll of tinfoil.

Stacy Ellen clapped her hands. "Lawdy, Aaron," she exclaimed, "if ye'd picked these for a Christmas tree, ye couldn't a-done better! We'll stick the tail feathers in the branches and wrop the tinfoil around sycamore balls. They'll be a sight, a-hangin' in the holly tree!"

Snatching a hickory basket, she ran into the woods for the sycamore balls, followed by Aaron. They found the seed pods of teasel, also, and milkweed, and a dried branch of persimmon. It was amazing how much color you could find in winter fields and woods if you just kept your eyes open!

She and Aaron had filled their basket when they heard a crashing sound up in the timber. Rocks came rolling down the trail, underbrush was breaking. They looked at each other. Whatever could it be? Then suddenly the mule critter came galloping down the trail, dragging his harness behind him. Where was Pappy and the wood sledge?

"Whoa, Jonah!" yelled Aaron, and the mule critter drew up abruptly. He was trembling and wild-eyed. Something dreadful must have happened up on the mountain.

Stacy Ellen's heart sank, and Aaron went so pale that his freckles stood out starkly.

"We've got to go find Pap," Stacy Ellen murmured, trembling.

"I reckon ye're right!" said Aaron, and, gathering up the reins, he turned the mule about. Leaving their basket and all thought of Christmas behind, they hurried up the mountain.

Strange, thought Stacy Ellen, that Jonah, the mule critter, always so greedy for food and stall at the end of the day, should now hurry back up the steep slope. Indeed, he went so fast that they had to stop him and climb on his back. Oh, whatever had happened to Pappy? They shouted for him at

the top of their lungs, but the sighing of the wind in the trees high above them was their only answer. Stacy Ellen blinked back tears and Aaron bit his lips, as they clung to Jonah's back. He carried them up and up, lunging over rocks and roots until he had passed out of the timber belt, and into the balsam pines that girdled the mountain top. There, in a thicket, he stopped, and they jumped down, and looked about.

It was cold up there. A light snow covered the ground and the green boughs of the balsams. Aaron and Stacy Ellen ran about, shouting for Pappy.

In the snow, they found the tracks of sledge runners, and, following them, they discovered the sledge, overturned. It was loaded with Christmas trees which were tied with rope. Pappy had been ready to start down when something had happened. What was it—oh, what was it? Together they righted the sledge, shouting wildly.

"Be still, Aaron!" cried Stacy Ellen, suddenly. "I thought I heard something that time." A groan came to her from beneath the ledge of rock where she stood. Fearfully they peered over it and saw Pappy lying with his foot jammed between two stones.

"That ye, leetle gal?" he murmured feebly. "I 'lowed ye'd come! I slipped and a rock rolled on my foot. It's broke or sprained. Try—" But Pappy got no further. His eyes closed with the pain.

Stacy Ellen hardly knew how she and Aaron climbed down and dislodged the heavy bowlder, but they did, and then came a greater difficulty. Pappy could not bear to have his foot touched. How could they ever get him up the sloping rock to the sledge? He solved the problem himself, easing his weight with one foot, holding to Stacy Ellen and Aaron with his arms, and dragging the injured foot. It was an agonizing process, but at last he reclined on the balsam bed made by rearranging the trees on the sledge. By the time Aaron had rehitched the mule, a faint smile came to his lips.

"Good old Jonah," he said to the animal. "I heerd ye break loose and overturn the sledge, but I didn't 'low ye had gumption enough to bring help!"

"Mules are smart critters though they be stubborn sometimes!" observed Aaron as they started their painful way down the rough trail. He walked, leading Jonah, while Stacy Ellen kept pace with the sledge, helping to support Pappy. It seemed to them that Jonah picked his way over roots and stones with extra care. After a long, long time they drew up before the cabin door.

When Mammy had overcome her first fright, she took charge and they got Pappy into the house; then Aaron unhitched the mule and galloped away over the new road for the doctor. It was two hours before he could get there, but he reassured them after examining the foot. It was badly sprained and bruised, but not broken. Pappy would have to stay off it at least two weeks. When Mammy had paid the small fee the doctor asked there was little left to jingle in the money box.

Stacy Ellen knew it was not pain that made Pappy look so unhappy now. It was worry. The sale of his trees in town would have brought money to keep them in food till the spring of the year, when he could work on the new road and make a garden. How could they get on, these worst months of winter, without that money?

"A body can't just set still and take sich trouble!" she told (Continued on page 37)



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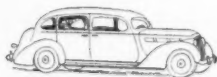
IN STEP WITH THE TIMES

By Latrobe Carroll

HORSELESS CARRIAGE INTO CAR

The body of a phaëton—a light, four-wheeled carriage—was fitted out with a one-cylinder engine. Presto! There was America's first automobile, being driven round the streets of Springfield, Massachusetts, by its creators, the Duryea brothers, whose serious business was a bicycle shop. The speed of this "horseless carriage" was seven miles an hour. The year was 1892; the month October.

During the years that followed, horseless carriages gradually captured the public's fancy and many strange contraptions wheezed and grunted along America's dust-laden roads. Some of them—cars built for racing—had



engines that must be cooled by cakes of ice. On the rear platforms of a few, fires, burning visibly and merrily, turned water into the steam that drove the odd vehicles. Though visible fire was not the rule, those early cars were all queer enough looking, and smelling, and sounding, to set even plow horses crazy. No wonder farmers were up in arms, and sometimes even shot at drivers.

That the roads are filled, to-day, with the offspring of those old vehicles is evidence of the lightning speed with which invention has moved. And it keeps moving. Now, for seven or eight hundred dollars, a car can be bought that's far better than those sold—say, in 1914—for five thousand. There are more than thirty-six million motor vehicles in the world. Approximately twenty-six million of these are in the United States. Conservatively stated, every fifth American owns a car. Six million of us are employed, in one way or another, by the automobile business.

SILENCE IS LITERALLY GOLDEN

In London, England, several years ago, an anti-noise campaign was started. This was centered chiefly in an effort to stop useless blowing of motor horns. Then New York took over the idea, and expanded it. Blaring loud speakers, musical instruments busy after eleven P.M. or before eight A.M., were blacklisted. Noise-makers causing jangling of nerves, or loss of sleep, and so cutting down efficiency, were rated unsocial.

And now Dr. Foster Kennedy, of the Cornell University Medical College, comes along with far more drastic charges against din. He says that from sixty to eighty per cent of Americans have ear trouble of varying degrees directly traceable to mechanical noises, and lays much of the blame at the doors of industrial plants. Their din, he feels, should

be classed with injurious gases and poisonous liquids. Noise, he tells us, causes an uneven pulse, a too rapid heartbeat, and heightened blood pressure. And there follows, inevitably, bad temper and quarrels.

TWINKLE, TWINKLE, BABY STARS

"What a beautiful little girl! She'd make her fortune in the movies." It takes a sane mother to withstand such flattery. Hundreds can't. They stream into Hollywood with their youngsters. Yet how few girls and boys make the grade!

Sometimes, indeed, it seems literally impossible to find the right "movie kids"—as in the case of *Tom Sawyer*, scheduled not long ago for the screen. Selznick International, planning a smashing production, threw over the idea—for the present, anyway—because the company's scouts couldn't find boys up to the parts of Tom and Huck Finn. It's said ten thousand children were interviewed!

When a child is actually elevated to stardom there's plenty of hard work ahead. It isn't a matter of acting instead of school



courses. With the acting must go every bit of instruction the ordinary child has—and more. For if film youngsters drop behind they lose their jobs; the school authorities see to that. The little actors and actresses must measure up—must have new certificates of scholarship every three months, and of health, as well. No wonder they're model scholars!

Some of them have remarkable natural ability as students. Both Jane Withers and Freddie Bartholomew are said to be touched with genius. And Shirley Temple has an amazing memory. None of these children goes to the little schoolhouses on the film companies' lots. They have private instructors. Shirley's greatest luxury, though, is a little "stand-in" who often takes her place when stage positions and "business" are being worked out. This stand-in, Mary Lou Islieb, was her playmate when they were both babies.

FROGS LEAP INTO FAME

Sarasota, Florida, is now frog-conscious. Not to be outdone by Angel's Camp in California where the long-legged croakers have been leaping, in rivalry, for years, Sarasota has started an annual competition in frog jumping.

But, remembering Mark Twain's deathless story, *The Celebrated Jumping Frog of Cal-*

averas County, one can't help feeling that the population of Angel's Camp—which is right in Calaveras County, California—has a first claim to support in its yearly "froglympics,"



honoring the humorist. Last May, at the annual Angel's Camp Jubilee, twenty-five thousand people swarmed to see the little jumpers compete. An agile amphibian named "Can't Take It" won the grand prize of a hundred and fifty dollars, covering twelve feet three inches in three consecutive jumps. Every frog is allowed three hops, it seems.

Trained frogs have been known to jump through hoops for beloved owners, and to come when called by name. Such performers are worth at least fifty dollars each.

THE BIGGEST EYE ON EARTH

When these lines are in print, one of science's recent achievements—the vast, delicately adjusted framework of the greatest telescope in the world—will be on its way to its "little high home in the West." Its scheduled journey calls for transportation from the Westinghouse plant, in South Philadelphia, to nearby Fort Mifflin. The next step is a voyage, by ship, through the Panama Canal and on up to San Diego.

As for the two-hundred-inch glass disk that the framework will carry, it has already been moved from Corning, New York, to the California Institute of Technology, where polishers must spend years putting a sheen on the great "eye." Conveying this offered difficulties aplenty, but nothing compared to the problems of transporting the framework, which includes the mounting and the tube. The frame, when complete, will weigh a million pounds; the tube will be as long as a six-story building is high.

The great instrument—by far the most powerful man-made eye that's ever looked into space—is the gift of the Rockefeller Foundation. It will cost six million dollars. The observatory where it will find a home is at Mount Palomar, sixty-five miles from Pasadena, California.

When the telescope is in place, its million-pound movable framework will be so delicately poised that a child, we're told, could move it with the pressure of a finger. The moon, magnified by its vast mirror, will appear to be but twenty-four miles away. And, if the earth were flat, Mount Palomar high enough, and the air sufficiently clear, ships could be watched as they enter New York Harbor!

CHRISTMAS at THUNDER GAP

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35

herself, squaring her small chin. Then she burst out, "Pappy, why can't Aaron and I haul those trees to town? Ye could tell us what to do with 'em!"

Pappy looked at her hopelessly. They wouldn't know how to sell the trees, he said. No, he couldn't see their going.

"Ye needn't think I'm the homesick young-un ye took to school last fall, Pappy!" Stacy Ellen cried. "I'm full grown now, and able to take keer o' myself. I jest know Aaron and I kin sell those trees."

Something about the look of her convinced Pappy. Hope came into his eyes, and he sat up, gazing at his daughter as though he saw her for the first time. "All right!" he said. "Go ahead and try!"

All at once it seemed to Stacy Ellen that the cabin was filled with Christmas. The scent of cedar in the fire warmth was part of it; and part of it was Mammy who was holding the Least One and suddenly began to sing an old Christmas ballad about Joseph, and a cherry tree that bowed down its branches so that Mary might pluck its fruit. The young-uns gathered 'round to listen. When the song was ended, Pappy glanced up and noticed the wreath for the first time. He complimented Stacy Ellen and remarked that town folks would like wreaths like that.

"Why not make some this evenin', an' take 'em along with the trees?" she suggested.

And that was how it happened that she and Aaron forgot how tired they were, and Pappy forgot his pain, making wreaths until the old clock on the fireboard struck midnight. It was a great task of them that Stacy Ellen lifted out on the cold porch before they went to bed.

It snowed while they slept and, next morning, Stacy Ellen and Aaron had to shake

the white from the trees before they reloaded them in the jolt wagon. A dozen beautiful wreaths they tucked between. Then, after Pappy had given last instructions, they flicked Jonah with the reins and drove away, crushing crystal grasses in the creek bed, tracking the snowy road to town. It was a long ride, but the cold, sunlit air was glorious, and town itself was a thrilling adventure. Perched on the high spring seat above their greenery, they looked down upon people, traffic, and dooryards, while the mule critter pulled them up one street and down another.

Success beyond their dreams awaited Stacy Ellen and Aaron. Because their trees were symmetrical and sturdy, people wanted them. And because the wreaths were unusual, as well as beautiful, they sold like hot cakes at a dollar apiece.

"I think we might take a leetle o' the wreath money," said Stacy Ellen at last, when the wagon was empty and the money box full, "and git some presents for the folks at home." So they bought a length of pretty calico for Mammy, a flash light for Pappy, and a play-toy for each of the young-uns. Stacy Ellen insisted that Aaron select the jackknife he had coveted so long, and they lingered with delight over the purchase of a small woolly lamb for the Least One.

It seemed to them both that they had never been so happy as they were, driving home over the snowy mountains.

"There'll be the tree all trimmed when the young-uns open the door in the morning," Stacy Ellen told Aaron, blissfully. "Then we can make pull-taffy and popcorn balls. And we'll ask Mammy to sing that cherry tree song again about Mary and Joseph and the leetle Jesus. 'Pears like I never knew what a lovely song that were before. I'll take that back to the school! They favor sich old song-ballads there, and put 'em in books!"

THE MERRIE GENTLEMEN

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 22

"A lowboy?" Bushy demanded. "That's a piece of furniture, isn't it? Or do you mean a low boy? One of your friends, I presume?"

"I am referring to a musical instrument, my child," Lofty said patiently. "An ancient musical instrument, in fact."

"Oh, my error," Bushy grinned. "I always thought you called 'em hote-boys. I know about *them*; we read all about 'em in Music Appreciation. They turned into oboes." She suddenly went off into a fit of laughter. "Low boys turned into hoboos. Well now, they *would*; it seems likely!"

Lofty tried hard not to be amused.

"You must admit that's better than I usually do," Bushy giggled. "But must you have one of these things, Lofty? You mean, you want to play on it and sing at the same time? Is it to be a vaudeville turn, or are you going to stand on a corner and get pennies?"

Lofty disregarded her, and hummed, "Shepherds, Shake off your Drowsy Sleep."

"I guess it will *have* to be Bill," he murmured between verses.

Bushy spent a number of odd moments wondering why it would have to be Bill. She gave the matter her whole attention, later, while leisurely consuming an apple turnover which was her private property. She had been skating violently all afternoon, and had purchased the turnover herself, being in dire

need of something to ward off starvation. She settled herself comfortably in a sunny angle of a stone wall, where shriveled barberries still clung to the hedge behind her, and no wind blew. The barberries reminded her of holly, and holly reminded her of the fast-approaching Christmas, and Christmas reminded her of Lofty's interminable and inexplicable caroling, and that reminded her of the necessity for having Bill. The only Bill whom Lofty knew, Bushy decided, biting lingeringly into the luscious interior of the turnover, was Bill Lewis—a meager youth in spectacles. Why he should be necessary to the sort of Merrie Christemasse Lofty seemed to be planning, was not at all evident. He was sandy-faced and somewhat knock-kneed, and he played the saxophone. Bushy suddenly smacked the leg of her scarlet skitrousers, frightening two chickadees which had been enjoying themselves among the barberry bushes.

"That's it!" she said earnestly to the remainder of the apple turnover. "That's it—the saxophone! As I don't know any fiddlers, and *he* can't find one of those hoboos or whatever they are, it has to be a saxophone. A saxophone, mind you, playing 'The First Nowell.' Oh, oh, my only hat! What a combination!"

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That the saxophone was indeed to be pressed into service as an accompaniment to the carols, soon became quite evident. It was not, probably, intended to be evident at all. The Ryder house was presumably unoccupied for the afternoon, Mrs. Ryder having gone Christmas shopping, and Bushy being at the pond with her skates. But an increasingly uncomfortable drop in temperature drove her home earlier than she—or Lofty—had expected. As she neared the house, she became aware of the most lamentable sounds issuing from it. She slowed down on the front path to listen, then went around to the back and let herself in quietly by the kitchen door. The saxophone is, at best, a somber instrument. It lends itself well enough to the blue rhythms of jazz orchestras, but when giving forth Christmas carols, solo, it becomes positively funereal. Also, in the present case, the performer was evidently most imperfectly acquainted with the airs he was expected to play, and the painful slowness punctuated by faltering silences only served to heighten the lugubrious impression. Bushy crept to the door of the living-room, and, concealed by the curtain, peeped in cautiously. Bill Lewis sat on the piano stool, peering closely with his near-sighted eyes at the carol book on the music rest. His instrument, pressed between him and the piano, required odd facial contortions; betwixt grimaces, Bill slowly produced the successive notes of "The Holly and the Ivy." Behind him, Lofty paced the room like the temperamental and dissatisfied conductor of a large symphony orchestra.

"Somehow," Lofty said suddenly, pushing his fingers through his hair, "it—it hasn't the spirit of Yuletide."

Bushy, behind the portière, grew positively popeyed. "The spirit of Yuletide!" she breathed. "Great guns, what has got into him?"

Lofty took another turn up and down the room. "Can't you put a little more lightness into it?" he demanded. "A little more of the olden-time feeling?"

Bill turned his spectacles patiently upon his friend. "Give me time, Lofty, give me time," he implored. "Why don't you try singing the other one with me, now? I've got that one going better."

The other turned out to be "God Rest You Merry, Gentlemen"—and the saxophone completely drowned out Lofty's undependable warblings. At the end of the first verse, the singer stopped in evident despair.

"I don't think it's going to do," he said. "It simply won't do at all."

"How would it be," Bill suggested mildly, "if I played the tune through and then you sang a verse, and then I played part of it, and then you sang another verse—and so on. Sort of like an *obbligato*, see?"

"That might work," Lofty conceded gloomily. "Let's try it, anyway."

They tried it. It was successful in so far that the instrument and the voice were each fully heard in their varying degrees, but the contrast was curious, to say the least. So curious, that Bushy could bear it no longer but tiptoed off, shaking her head, in the direction of the pantry.

"Simply can't understand it," she confided to the slice of raisin bread she acquired there. "Lofty frequently makes a fool of himself, but he doesn't usually go right in for it with his eyes wide open. There's only one force powerful enough to make him act this way. Margie Olmsted must be at the bottom of this, somehow."

Nor could Bushy figure out any more suc-

cessfully her brother's operations on a large tin can, which took place amid deafening sounds down cellar. Investigation proved that Lofty was perforating the defenseless container with holes, in what seemed a meaningless manner. As he punctured, he hummed a carol jerkily.

"Wouldn't it be easier," said Bushy, "to set it up somewhere and shoot at it?"

"Scram!" cried Lofty, startled. Then, regaining his composure, he added, "I'm not doing this merely for the fun of the thing."

"I was just thinking of putting the poor thing out of its misery sooner," Bushy reflected. "Is it a colander, or what?"

"Or what," Lofty replied evasively.

"Maybe it's to strain your carols through—so they'll be *sweet strains*," Bushy suggested, and had wisely reached the door before Lofty made as if to hurl the hammer at her.

THE twenty-fourth of December promised a perfect story-book Christmas Eve. Just enough snow lay everywhere to give the world a properly frosted look. The air tingled sharp and clear. The stars would be very blue and pointed to-night, and footsteps would creak and crunch on the crisp ice. Bushy was putting the finishing touches to the wrapping of her Christmas parcels, when the telephone rang. It was Margie Olmsted—her voice merrily eager, as it always was. Bushy liked Margie in spite of herself, and forgot the three years' difference between them as she never could with Lofty's other friends and contemporaries.

"We're all going down this evening to see the community tree lighted," Margie explained, "and I thought perhaps you'd like to come. There'll be carol singing, and music, and it ought to be awfully pretty. I love that sort of thing, don't you?"

Bushy agreed that she did. Then she suddenly wondered whether Lofty's preparations were for taking a prominent part in this ceremony.

"Well," Margie continued, "meet us at seven forty-five at the drugstore; we'll have a hot chocolate first, to warm us up. Then we can all come back together. Tell Lofty to be sure and come, of course."

"Oh, I think he plans to be there," said Bushy, sure now that her brother must be somehow mixed up in the affair.

She found him rather gloomily contemplating a candle end which he was vainly trying to fit into a ring considerably too small for it.

"Hullo," Bushy said brightly. "Afraid of the electricity giving out? I'm going down to the Square this evening, to see the community tree lighted. You'll be there, I suppose?"

"I shouldn't dream of being there," Lofty informed her, jabbing the candle end once more at the little holder.

"What?" cried Bushy, really surprised now that she was sure he must be taking part.

"Only the *hoi-polloi* attend such things," Lofty continued haughtily.

"The who?" Bushy inquired.

"The *hoi-polloi*. It's Greek, my child—signifying the mob, the vulgar herd. You don't mean you're going to elbow your way down there? You'll not be let."

"I'm going with a crowd," Bushy informed him. "You were invited, by the way."

"I don't move with *your crowd*," her brother remarked with scornful finality.

Well, that settled it. Bushy had been on the point of telling him who it was that had invited him—but jiggered if she would, now. Let him play around with his mysterious old candle ends and carols—what did she care?

Christmas Eve lived up to the promise of the morning. Stars powdered a purple-black sky. Candles shone from uncurtained windows. Here and there a little dooryard evergreen was decked with colored electric bulbs. There were holly wreaths in the front windows of the Ryders' house; the Christmas tree stood bristling aromatically in a corner of the living room, waiting to be trimmed later in the evening. Bushy sighed with pleased anticipation as she thought of the boxes of shiny ornaments that had been brought down from the attic, and was glad that her family was not the kind that stops having Christmas trees when the children grow older.

Her footsteps squeaked crisply on the snow as she hurried along towards the meeting place where the party was to refresh itself with hot chocolate before setting out for the festivities at the Square. She was a little late, and broke into a run at the corner. But as she passed the Olmsted's house she slowed to a walk, then came to a dead stop behind the clump of evergreens at the gate. Every window of Margie's home was agleam with the orange flames of electric candles. Their light flowed warmly out into the frosty garden, and shone decoratively upon two strange figures that stood ankle-deep in snow beneath the dining-room windows. One, who seemed to have a peaked green cap on his head and a scalloped russet tunic fastened skimpily about him, bore in his hand a lantern, though it distinctly resembled a tin can with pin-points of light peeping out through a number of small holes. The other figure had apparently done nothing to heighten the illusion of antiquity about his costume other than to wind a long, red muffler around his neck. Against this, he was pressing a large, gleaming instrument the shape of a Dutchman's pipe—and the electric candle-light winked upon this and upon his mild spectacles.

As Bushy, open-mouthed behind the cedars, gaped incredulously at the scene, the saxophone blooped forth "God Rest You Merry, Gentlemen," in grave and slightly uncertain cadences, and, when it ceased, a quavering tenor was lifted hopefully and sang its way through the words. The Olmsted house, though so brilliantly illuminated, was sadly unresponsive. Bushy knew where Margie was; quite possibly her parents were with her. If the maid was in, she evidently thought it none of her business to investigate the heart-rending sounds outside the window—or she, too, might have slipped off to see the merry-making at the Square.

"Well, I'll be everlastingly tongue-tied!" breathed Bushy. "So *that's* it! My poor, poor, demented brother! All his plans so carefully laid—except the minor detail of finding out whether the girl would be home to hear him. Think what she's being spared! Well, I'm off to join the *what* did he call 'em?—*aboy-aboy*? No, *boy*—oh, well, the vulgar herd—along with Margie Olmsted."

The crowd was half through drinking hot chocolates when Bushy, breathless, arrived.

"Sorry," she gasped. "I was detained a few moments—witnessing a phenomenon. Plenty of whipped cream on mine, please. Ah! By the way, Lofty had a very important previous date."

Margie looked hurt and downcast at this information, and soon pushed her cup away.

The Square was full of cheerful people in holiday mood. The community tree was gigantic, and it looked very fine when its festoons of colored lights flashed suddenly out of the darkness, and the great star on the top blazed against the remoteness of the real stars.

The band struck up "Come, All Ye Faithful," and people began to sing—at first shyly, then, remembering that this really was Christmas Eve, with loud-throated enthusiasm. Margie's eyes were shining.

"Isn't it lovely?" she confided to Bushy. "I wish we could go back to ancient times. Think of it! Lanterns bobbing through the streets, and waits singing under your windows!"

"If that's what you want—" Bushy began, and stopped. She was still sufficiently annoyed with Lofty not to care how long he stood ankle-deep in snow, singing to an unheeding window.

"It was so romantic," Margie went on, "and so picturesque. I *love* old customs and traditions. I was reading a long thing about waits to Lofty, one day. He agrees with me perfectly."

"He would," Bushy murmured. "So that's what's got into him, is it?" She stamped her feet determinedly in the snow, and pushed her mittened hands more deeply into the pockets of her scarlet ski-jacket. Just then the band briskly started up, "God Rest You Merry, Gentlemen," and every one who knew it joined in.

"Tidings of comfort and joy, comfort and joy!" sang Margie raptly, her eyes on the great yellow star that topped the tree.

Bushy had a sudden uncomfortable vision of two lonely and discouraged figures, patiently tooting and warbling that same tune—and something melted all at once in her naturally warm heart. She could feel her ill-temper dripping away like a thawing icicle inside her red jacket.

"Oh, bother!" said Bushy. "Margie—if you're really keen on waits, there are a couple of 'em, poor nuts, yelping away under your dining-room windows right now. That is, I suppose they're still there. Lofty never says die."

Margie stopped singing and turned wide eyes on Bushy. Resentment, and then surprise, flashed over her face. "Lofty!" she cried. "What do you mean? You said he had another date."

"That was it," Bushy admitted. "He and Bill Lewis. They've been practicing carols for days—I couldn't imagine why. They're parked in the snow outside your house now, hard at it."

"But I invited Lofty to come down here," Margie cried.

"I know," Bushy said uneasily, "but I forgot to tell him. That is, I forgot to say who was inviting him. Oh, well, I was highly annoyed at him about that time."

Margie shot her one reproachful look and then rallied her friends.

"Let's get back to my house quickly," she suggested. "It's getting cold here, and the best of it is over. Besides—" When they had edged away from the crowd in the Square, she explained more fully, and also silenced the immediate amusement of some of the party. "I think it's wonderful of them," she maintained. "Think of Lofty remembering what I'd said about waits, and all that!"

"They're sort of dressed up," Bushy volunteered. "They look awful idiots."

"You're none of you to laugh at them," Margie commanded—and when Margie's dark eyes flashed that way, she was usually obeyed.

They cut across a neighbor's yard and crept into the Olmsted house by the back way.

"Take off your things," Margie ordered. "Pretend we've been here simply ages, enjoying it all this time, but just hadn't shown ourselves. That is— (Continued on page 42)

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Say you saw it in The American Girl



I HAVE been having such a good time with one of the new books that I cannot resist mentioning it first this month, as a Christmas present for your mother, or your Girl Scout captain, or any older friend who is a homemaker. It is the revised *Boston Cooking-School Cook Book* by Fannie Merritt Farmer (Little, Brown, \$2.50), full of splendid new recipes as well as favorite old ones, and with any number of up-to-date helps, such as the chart telling just what temperature a "very slow oven" is, or a "moderately hot" one. Already it has helped and inspired me in my own homemaking.

Another book that your parents, or an older friend who may be a teacher, or a librarian will enjoy—and this is a book you, yourself, will also like—is *First Adventures in Reading* by May Lamberton Becker (Stokes, \$2.00). I know of no one with whom it is more fun to talk about books than with Mrs. Becker, and, in this book of hers, any girl may have the same delightful opportunity we, who are her friends, appreciate. For in it she talks about books for boys and girls—fairy stories, adventure, romance, mystery—with lists of especially good ones.

With December twenty-fifth so near, I know you are beginning to count pennies! Here, then, is a choice of inexpensive books for smallest readers, all with plenty of pictures, frequently in gay colors, all mighty good reading. First, two 50¢ ones—*Molly and Michael* by Florence Bourgeois (Doubleday, Doran), about a jolly winter visit to Grandfather's farm; and *The Whitewashed Elephant* by John Gincano and Kay Hunter (Grosset), about Ping-jam-hing, the miser, and how he tried to fool the Rajah. Three delightful 75¢ books are: *Ming and Mehtable* by Helen Sewell (Macmillan), about a four-year-old girl and her Japanese poodle; *The Merry Mouse* by Helen and Alf Evers (Farrar and Rinehart)—yes, it's about the Hickory-Dickory-Do mouse and why he ran up the clock; and *Elizabeth, the Cow Ghost* by William Pène du Bois (Thomas Nelson), about a gentle cow who creates a great deal of excitement.

DOLLAR books, too, offer real Christmas possibilities: *Pompom, The Little Red Squirrel* by Lida (Harper), charming in both story and pictures; *Elephant Twins* by Inez Hogan (Dutton), amusing adventures of the twins and other elephants, big and little; *Mitty on Mr. Syrup's Farm* by Ruth and Richard Holberg (Doubleday, Doran), unexpected picnic adventures of a favorite small heroine; and two of Marjorie Flack's vivacious stories—*Willy Nilly* (Macmillan), about a penguin who wanted to be different, and *What To Do About Molly* (Houghton Mifflin), about Molly's seashore mischief. An especially appropriate little Christmas book

By HELEN FERRIS

Editor-in-Chief, Junior Literary Guild

is *A Star for Hansi* by Marguerite Vance (Harper), the story of a small girl and the present she got for her crippled brother. And *Jerry and the Pony Express* by Sanford Tousey (Doubleday, Doran) will please those slightly older readers who like to read about ponies, Indians, and exciting happenings.

Two larger picture books for small readers are outstandingly lovely—*Little Tim and the Brave Sea Captain* by Edward Ardizzone (Oxford, \$2.00), about the adventures of a small boy at sea, with unusually beautiful pictures; and *Henner's Lydia* by Marguerite de Angeli (Doubleday, \$2.00), a real American picture book, the story of a quaint little Pennsylvania Dutch girl. Two unusual collections are most cherishable books—*Mother Goose* edited by William Rose Benét, vivaciously illustrated by Roger Duvoisin (Heritage Press, \$3.75), and with over three hundred verses, tongue twisters, riddles, and alphabets, besides pictures rioting over all the pages; and *The Gunniwolf and Other Merry Tales* collected by Wilhelmina Harper (McKay, \$2.00), including stories by such splendid writers as Hugh Lofting, Carl Sandburg, and Rose Fyleman, and beautifully illustrated by Kate Seredy.

OTHER especially good story books for this age, with plenty of pictures, are *Beppo* by Emma Brock (Whitman, \$2.00), about a small Italian boy and his pet goose; *Pablo's Pipe* by Frances Eliot (Dutton, \$1.50), about a little Mexican boy whose bamboo pipe brings adventures; *The Land of Little Rain* by Muriel H. Fellows (Winston, \$2.00), in which a Hopi Indian boy and girl have interesting experiences; *Here's Juggins* by Amy Wentworth Stone (Lothrop, Lee, \$2.00), about a New England fisherman's daughter whose courage saves the day; *The Saucy Betsy* by Ethel Calvert Phillips (Houghton Mifflin, \$1.75), about Betsy's and Benjamin's summer in Maine and the good times they have; and *Jerome Anthony* by Eva Knox Evans (Putnam, \$2.00), about an amusing little colored boy who goes from the country to the city. *Little Jeemes Henry* by Ellis Credle (Nelson, \$1.50) is about another appealing small colored boy who earns his own ticket to the circus. What he finds in the cage of the Wild Man from Borneo is an entertaining surprise. *The Clever Cat* by Eleanor Frances Lattimore will please any child who loves a kitten, (Harcourt, Brace, \$1.50), for the antics of Ulysses might have happened in your own home.

Here are three books for next-older readers that are great fun—*Ferdinand* by Munro Leaf (Viking, \$1.00); *Teeny and the Tall Man* by Julian Meade (Doubleday, Doran, \$2.00); and *The Education of a Burro* by Dorothy Hogner (Thomas Nelson, \$1.00). Ferdinand was a Spanish bull who just couldn't become interested in bull-fighting. Bored—that's what he was; but what a life he led, even so! Carlos was a burro, very young and needing to know plenty. Other people have their difficulties, too, as Carlos learned. Teeny's fun happened partly because her very tall friend didn't mind leap frog a bit. The many things they find to do, both in the country and the city, are amusingly entertaining.

And there are good stories for eight- and twelve-year-olds—of every kind you can imagine! *Listening* by Kate Seredy (Viking, \$2.00) is about Gail's visit with her boy cousins, and the fascinating things they discover about the old American house; *Phebe Fairchild, Her Book* by Lois Lenski (Stokes, \$2.00) is also a truly American story, in which a delightful girl travels alone by stage coach to visit her country cousins while her sea-captain father takes her mother on a long voyage; and *The Covered Bridge* by Cornelia Meigs (Macmillan, \$2.00) is a splendidly told story of Vermont, with its climax in the saving of the old bridge in the spring floods.

WHAT fun to live in a house in a tree!

That is what the Goodman and his wife do in *The Oak Tree House* by Katherine Gibson (Longmans, \$1.50), a colorful story of the time of Edward the Sixth; another unusual across-the-ocean story is *The Donkey Goes Visiting* by Patricia Lynch (Dutton, \$2.00), in which you will find two Irish children, an heroic donkey, a lovable leprechaun, and magic adventures galore; *Denmark Caravan* by Ruth Bryan Owen (Dodd, Mead, \$2.00) is the entertaining account of a family's adventures in the picturesque country to which the author has been United States ambassador; and *Jacques At The Window* by Sybil Emerson (Crowell, \$1.50) is a charming story of a French boy and his American playmate, giving intimate glimpses of fun in the Luxembourg Gardens, and especially of the sailing of toy boats.

Are you looking for animal stories, perhaps, with plenty of pictures? *Billy Butter* by Berta and Elmer Hader (Macmillan, \$2.00) is about a little San Francisco goat who is as likable as he is mischievous; *Sajo and the Beaver People* by Grey Owl (Scribner's, \$2.50) will win young readers for its lovable Indian children and their beaver pets; *Fierce Face* by Dhan Gopal Mukerji (Dutton, \$2.00) takes a young tiger through his dangerous growing-up days in the jungle; *Buddy the Bear* by Kurt Wiese (Coward McCann, \$1.50) does the same for a little Australian Koala

NEW BOOKS



WINTERBOUND

by Margery Bianco, illustrated by Kate Seredy Weathering a severe winter in an old ramshackle house in Connecticut was no laughing matter for Kay and Garry and Caroline and Martin, but they managed to make it an interesting experience and have a very enjoyable time. \$2.00

BEPPEY MARLOWE

by Elizabeth Janet Gray The story of a sister and brother in Charles Town in 1715. \$2.00

ALLISON'S GIRL

by Theodore Acland Harper, decorations by Ruth King Andrew McBride befriends two girls and unravels a mystery. \$2.00

FLAG OF THE DESERT

by Herbert Best, illustrated by Eric Berry An exciting African story of desert adventures. \$2.00

WHISTLERS' VAN

by Idwal Jones, illustrated by Zhenya Gay A gypsy story. \$2.00

HOUSES IN AMERICA

by Thomas P. Robinson and Ethel Fay Robinson, with 150 pencil drawings by Mr. Robinson. How the settlers, Spanish, English and French, the Swedish, German and Dutch came to America, the building traditions they brought with them, and how they adapted those traditions to New World conditions and materials. \$5.00

The Viking Press New York

bear; and *One Summer* by Martin Gale (Viking, \$1.75) is a fresh, wholesome story of three sisters who adore horses, and know how to ride them, too.

Two collections any young reader will be happy to own are *The Reformed Pirate* by Frank Stockton (Scribner, \$2.50), favorite stories by this distinguished author; and *Picture Tales From Spain* by Ruth Sawyer (Stokes, \$1.25), unusual folk tales gathered by Mrs. Sawyer on her travels.

And for a things-to-make book for any eight-to-twelve-year-old boy or girl, I recommend *How to Make Marionettes* by Edith Flack Ackley (Grosset and Dunlap, 25c paper, 35c boards), with its splendid details and pictures, not only for the making of marionettes themselves, but for the staging and planning of programs.

For older boys and girls, a fascinating book is *The Story of English Life* by Amabel Williams-Ellis and F. J. Fisher (Coward McCann, \$3.75), in which history is told in a way as dramatic and absorbing as fiction; *Champions of Democracy* by Joseph Cottler (Little, Brown, \$2.00) gives inspiring biographies of twelve great Americans, including Roger Williams, Thomas Jefferson, Horace Mann, Jane Addams, and Justice Holmes.

If your older brother is eager for stories, I recommend *The Scalp Hunters* by Hubert V. Coryell (Harcourt, Brace, \$2.00), a tale of grim Indian warfare in early Maine, of Scouts and of scalp hunters; *Kaga's Brother* by M. I. Ross (Harper, \$2.00), another stirring story of Indian days in the Lake Superior country and among the Chippewas; *Wagons Westward* by Armstrong Sperry (Winston, \$2.00), adventure on the old Santa Fe trail, dramatically related and strikingly illustrated; and *Beyond the Great Wall* by Edward Dragonet (Bobbs Merrill, \$2.00), unusual in its setting—Manchuria—in its young native heroes, and in its vivid drama of a struggle against bandits. Unusual, too, is *A Dog at His Heel* by Charles J. Finger (Winston, \$2.00), a story in which a dog and his master go from Australia to South America, meeting danger and problems together as they take sheep to the Argentine.

ENTERTAINING stories of the present day are *Ranching on Eagle Eye* by Sarah Lindsay Schmidt (McBride, \$2.00), about two stalwart boys who meet life on a ranch in depression days; *Trap Lines North* by Stephen W. Meader (Dodd, Mead, \$2.00), a true story of trapping and outdoor life in the Canadian woods; *Tinker of Stone Bluff* by Nason H. Arnold (Doubleday, Doran, \$2.00), a school story; *Sou'wester Sails* by Arthur H. Baldwin (Random House, \$2.00), lively adventures aboard a boat and the solution of a mystery.

If you and your brother are interested in the how and why of everyday things, you will enjoy *Houses in America* by Ethel and Thomas Robinson (Viking, \$3.00), which tells why our ancestors built as they did, a vivid account, with many lovely pencil drawings; and in *Turning Night Into Day* by M. Ilin (Lippincott, \$1.00), the story of lighting.

I shall need several months to tell you about the many fine books for girls, so I will give you just a glimpse now, to show you how interesting and varied they are. *Winterbound* by Margery Bianco (Viking, \$2.00) is the beautifully written story of two city girls and their family, and the winter they spent in Connecticut. You will like artistic Kay and dependable Garry. *Sue Barton, Student Nurse*



Books for Your Christmas List

ALL THINGS NEW

By Sonia Daugherty

Masha, at sixteen, finds herself in New York; her family have no money, none of them speak English. The tale of Masha's struggle to learn American ways and her final achievement of success is an absorbing one. \$1.75

DISCOVERING MY JOB

Edited by Anne Stoddard

These articles appeared first in *The American Girl Magazine*. So much interest was expressed in them that they have been collected into a volume which any girl who is wondering about a job, will find invaluable. \$1.50

KEEPSAKES

Collected by Richard Blondell

These stories have proved to be favorites with radio listeners. A valuable collection of humor, fantasy, and realism of such authors as Padraic Colum, Laura Richards, Idella Purnell, and others. \$1.50

MORE SONGS OF WILD BIRDS

By Albert R. Brand

Songs of Wild Birds with its two records was an unusual contribution to the study of bird song. This book has three double records as well as colorful descriptions and pictures of the birds whose songs are recorded. \$2.50

THE TAIL OF THE SORRY SORREL HORSE

By Elizabeth Honness

Your small sister or brother will laugh over the trials of James, the Sorrel Horse; the pictures by Pelagie Doane are just right for the amusing text. A grand Christmas present for four to six-year-olds. \$1.25

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by Helen Dore Boylston (Little, Brown, \$2.00) and *Peggy Covers the News* by Emma Bugbee (Dodd, Mead, \$2.00) introduce most attractive heroines and tell their adventures as they start upon their careers—the one, as a nurse; the other, as a reporter. *Rocking Chair Ranch* by Lenora Mattingly Weber (Houghton, Mifflin, \$2.00) is your own favorite AMERICAN GIRL serial, *The Headless Haydens*, under another name, and with additional material about your well-loved *Bendy*; *Palaces on Monday* by Marjorie Fischer (Random House, \$2.00) is a gay story of a brother and sister who travel alone from the United States to Russia, with unusual adventures all along the way, including acting in the movies.

Two splendid tales of other days are *Seven Beads of Wampum* by Elizabeth Gale (Putnam, \$2.00), the story of charming Marita, of her home in old New York, and of a most satisfactory romance; and *Off to Philadelphia* by Marjorie Hill Allee (Houghton Mifflin, \$2.00), another story of the Lankester girls—this time, of Phebe and twelve-year-old Martha, and of the work they found in old Philadelphia, Phebe in the bonnet business, and Martha as errand girl. It is interesting to know that girls, even in those long ago times, started out upon careers.

Merry Christmas to you! May you find books to your heart's content on Christmas morning.

MERRIE GENTLEMEN

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 39

if the poor things are still standing out front."

They were. Like garden statues frozen in to the snowy lawn, they stood dejectedly beneath the windows. The one in the Robin Hood hat shifted his tin-can lantern wearily to the other cold hand, and said hopelessly to the one with the red muffler and the red nose that shone between glittering spectacles, "Let's try it just once more, Bill."

The saxophone gurgled a moment as if it had reached its last gasp, and then emitted the strains of "God Rest You Merry, Gentlemen." Practice had made it as nearly perfect as possible.

"Let nothing you disma-ay," shivered Lofty, his voice cracking desperately. It was then that Margie, her outdoor things deceptively thrown off, flung open the window and leaned out. The joy in the two faces was beautiful and pathetic to behold.

"Well, the poor mugs!" muttered Bushy. "Good e'en to ye, good waits!" cried Margie clearly. "Right merrilie and sweetly have ye caroled to us this long while. Come ye within, come ye within! We have right good cheer for ye—a fire's warmth, and cider and doughnuts, and good company!" The carolers were ecstatically pulling their feet out of the snow, their incredulous faces wreathed in smiles.

"Come ye within, good waits!" repeated Margie.

Bushy had already found the doughnuts. "Waits!" she remarked to one, "waits, forsooth! I'll say they're waits! It must have been a full hour they waited!"

She buried her nose in the warm lusciousness of powdered sugar, and magnanimously resolved never to tell Lofty that Margie had heard only one wheezy stanza out of that forty-five minutes of devoted caroling.

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Sue wanted to go to Africa and study archaeology, but it looked as though she would have to stay at home and make parachute jumps. She finally gets to Africa because of a parachute jump, and then has adventures both archaeological and otherwise. \$2.00

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By Amy Wentworth Stone

In a lovely old house in Maine lived Debby and her young sister and her two aunts. Debby longed to go to Art School, but though the house was full of treasures, there was no money for her tuition. The treasure which finally made it possible for her to go was discovered under unusual circumstances. \$1.75

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Wales is a romantic land, but the girls who grew up there ten or fifteen years ago were in most ways much like those of America. A true story of a Welsh childhood. \$1.25

HERE'S JUGGINS
By Amy Wentworth Stone

Juggins was not very old, but she was old enough to catch the Red Robber who was robbing her father's lobster pots. Readers of seven to ten will enjoy the story and Hildegard Woodward's pictures. \$2.00

LOTHROP, LEE AND SHEPARD CO.
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SUE GOES TO SWITZERLAND

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17

Such fun as it was! She decided she must learn to do it perfectly, and then she would give a skating party, the very next Christmas at Grandmother's, and teach everybody else how to dance on skates. But of course the poor musicians would freeze to death in New England, and she would have to end up with a phonograph, which would take all the poetry out of it.

Hot chocolate was served in a gay little booth, with thick slices of bread and cheese, and everybody ate as if they had never eaten before, and never expected to again. It was long after midnight when they climbed up the mountain side, singing as they went, to warm themselves by the roaring fire in the chalet.

The next day was December twenty-fourth, and everyone was full of plans for celebrating Christmas Eve. In the morning they all trooped out on the mountain, the whole crowd of young people, and cut down a tall fir tree. This they dragged home on the sled, singing, "O, Tannenbaum, O, Tannenbaum," as they came. They set it up in the corner of the big hall, and the landlord brought out candle holders and Christmas candles and jolly little figures of fat cherubs to trim it. The boys climbed up on stepladders, and the girls handed things up and made clever suggestions and stood off to admire the boys' handiwork.

Fat Herr Schmidt, the landlord, burst into unusual enthusiasm. "Ach, how beautiful!" he cried, folding his hands over his round stomach, and cocking his head to one side. "Das ist for Germans, und meine Frau will some little cookies make auch, birds und animals und anchels, for alles. Now for die English, must ve a surprise also haf!"

"A Yule log," they all shouted, and off they trudged again, this time with the big wood sledge in tow. They found a dead tree, and the boys took turns chopping at it, and trimming off the smaller boughs. Meanwhile the girls, with hatchets, were gathering green fir branches here and there, cutting them carefully so as not to spoil the trees, and weaving them into garlands with long pieces of fine wire which they had brought with them for the purpose. They all marched home triumphantly, the garlands looped from shoulder to shoulder, and everyone pulling on the long ropes that dragged the sledge. They hid the Yule log behind the chalet, hung the garlands along the panelled wooden walls, and made a huge wreath to go over the fireplace.

"But what about France?" cried Sue and Polly. "We'll have to ask Frau Schmidt," and off they went to find her.

And now the big room was closed, and no one was allowed in, except Sue and Polly who went back and forth mysteriously for most of the afternoon. Their parents took the red sleigh and drove off in the direction of the village, and everyone else was rushing around busily, too, for Herr Schmidt had said that everybody must do some stunt for Christmas Eve—sing, or play, or entertain the others in some way. The whole chalet was buzzing with excitement. There were snatches of music here and there, furtive parents sneaking down the corridors with mysterious packages, giggling young things dashing in and out of doors in strange costumes.

It was nearly time for dinner, and Sue

had just slipped into her most Christmas-y red dress, when she heard a yodel in the distance, and then another from the opposite direction. She popped her head out of the window, and from every side, or so it seemed, came bobbing lanterns and echoing yodels. Gradually the lanterns and voices gathered in a group, and their owners came marching up the hill, singing lovely old German and French carols.

"They are the children from all the chalets," said Herr Schmidt, "and they come every Christmas." He gave the carolers cookies and candies, and they went on to the other hotels across the valley, the lanterns bobbing and the yodels dying away in the distance.

Tinkling bells called the guests at the chalet down to dinner, a whole string of little cow bells in assorted sizes. (Sue's mother told her that she had heard them in the summer, meandering herds of cows tinkling little tunes as they went up the valleys to pasture in the early mornings.) The doors of the hall were thrown open by Herr Schmidt with a flourish and what was meant to be a courtly bow, with his hand on his stomach, but as it was impossible for him to bend very far, the gesture was more hospitable than graceful. Down the center of the room stretched a long table, made up of many small tables placed end to end. Its red and white plaid cover was dotted with red candles in low holders, their bases hidden in long garlands that twined from one end of the table to the other. In one corner of the room stood the Christmas tree that the boys and girls had decorated that morning, all atwinkle with little candles, and the festoons and wreaths looked wonderful against the walls.

At one side was a smaller table on which were grouped exquisite little figures of the Madonna and Child, Joseph, the shepherds, and the wise men. It was this that Frau Schmidt had let Sue and Polly arrange. She told them that every family in Provence has such a *crèche*, handed down from one generation to the next. Each year they add something to it, perhaps a hand-carved manger, perhaps a tiny figure modeled from clay, perhaps a new house for the village, or another tiny lamb. All the traditions of Christmas cluster about the *crèche*, and the children of France love it dearly.

As they sat down for dinner at the long table, in trooped the boys, dragging the Yule log and caroling as they came. It was the turn now of the English family to be surprised and delighted, and they all joined lustily in singing "Deck the hall with boughs of holly," while the Yule log was set ablaze. Then the father, who had a tremendous bass voice, rose at his end of the table and sang, "God rest ye merry, gentlemen, let nothing you dismay! Remember Christ our Saviour was born on Christmas day," and all who knew it joined in the chorus.

Then the doors from the kitchen burst open, and in came the waiters, each gay in a bright red vest, bearing aloft great platters. On one was a whole pig, plump and brown and savory, with an apple in his mouth; on another, a goose; on still another, a fat turkey all garlanded in greens. Something to please everybody. There was a great yellow cheese, a quaking red mound of jelly, a huge bowl of crisp salad; and one after another, the delicacies followed—French, German, American—but the grand climax was a flaming English (Continued on page 45)

Books by 3 AMERICAN GIRL Authors

Where Is Sylvia?

by MARGUERITE ASPINWALL



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A PENNY FOR YOUR THOUGHTS



THE WINNER

ROCHESTER, MINNESOTA: I actually squealed with joy when I discovered that my title for the August cover, "Once Ugly Ducklings," had been chosen winner of the cover contest! I can think of nothing more thrilling than being the winner of a contest, and although I honestly feel that my entry is undeserving of the honor which it has received, I am certainly grateful. I am eagerly anticipating the arrival of *Mashinka's Secret* which sounds awfully exciting and mysterious. Thank you—a jillion times!

THE AMERICAN GIRL, in my estimation, absolutely takes the proverbial cake! I have especially enjoyed *You Might Be a Decorator* (which is exactly what I do hope to be!) and *This Business of Art*. *The Crow's Nest* was grand. I adore the Nantucket stories, too, and *Quarry Hill* is the very best serial story yet. Yes-sir, THE AMERICAN GIRL is the cream of the magazine crop!

Leone Wicklund.

WHAT AMERICAN GIRLS ARE MADE OF

BARI, ITALY: I am not a Girl Scout because I live in Italy, and there are no troops here. I have been receiving THE AMERICAN GIRL for only five months, but I have enjoyed every issue. My favorite characters are Bushy and Lofty. I couldn't help laughing when I read *The Mouse Party*. Let's have more stories by Edith Ballinger Price.

Quarry Hill is really thrilling, and I must not forget Jean and Joan—they always keep me waiting anxiously for the next issue. *Forgotten Gold* was good, and *The Thing in the Room* kept me wondering what the thing was—when it turned out to be only a harmless cat.

Altogether, I have to say that the magazine is simply grand; it gives you an idea of what American girls are made of.

Hilda Ripandelli.

THE OCTOBER COVER

LEOMINSTER, MASSACHUSETTS: I have just received the October issue of THE AMERICAN GIRL and I had to write to you about it. I am going to begin with the very outside. To me, the cover is the best yet. It just expresses my idea of Girl Scouting, with the captain and the girls getting together for a common purpose.

The most interesting stories and articles this month were *Guppy and the Governor*, which was just grand; *Foole and Gallant*, my idea of a good animal story; *Any Mail Today?* which I found very useful; and the best serial yet, *Quarry Hill*.

I always find *A Penny for Your Thoughts* exceptionally interesting. People call me a bookworm, so I usually take the tips in Helen Ferris's *Good Times With Books*.

I am a very enthusiastic Girl Scout, so I think the Girl Scout features are the best of all. In March I shall have been registered for five years. I am a First Class Scout and I have hopes of going still higher. For the past three summers, I have gone to camp and I enjoy it very much.

To end with, I think Girl Scouts and THE AMERICAN GIRL are pretty nearly perfect.

Jeanne N. Boyden.

MY OPINION OF THE AMERICAN GIRL

I wait for it from time to time,
It costs a nickel and a dime,
I eat it up with greedy eyes,
And to it do I feel strong ties.

Though Bushy Ryder is a peach and certainly no softy,

I cannot say that I adore her snobbish brother, Lofty;

Then two swell girls are Meg and Phyl, I read their stories often,

And after Lofty Ryder's gall, my heart they surely soften.

The pictures on the covers are really very swell—

You see, my admiration, I simply cannot tell!
The Girl Scout pages are the top—I'll have you all to know

That when I'm called away from them, I find it hard to go.

We can't forget our Jean and Joan,
They have a charm that's all their own,
I read the cute things that they say
And then my heart is light as day.

I think that the styles are amazingly fine,
Besides having style, they are too, too divine;
The Etiquette Series gives me delight,
I read 'em just once and—Bang! I'm polite!

The magazine is simply great,
It is my very closest mate.
When Every Word in it I read,
Then Every Word in it I need.

Mary Carroll O'Connell,
Andover, Massachusetts.

NOT ENOUGH ABOUT BUSHY

RICHMOND, INDIANA: I have taken THE AMERICAN GIRL for two years and I think it is the best magazine published for girls. There is only one objection I have to it lately—not enough Bushy and Lofty stories. I think those are simply the best stories ever written, although Phyl and Meg run awfully close.

The new serial is great, but the best short story in the October issue is *Guppy and the Governor*.

Mary Jane Frame.

CARROLL DISCOVERS THE AMERICAN GIRL

BIRMINGHAM, ALABAMA: Today, at the library, I noticed the September copy of THE AMERICAN GIRL. The title attracted my attention and, upon glancing through it, I at once checked it out. I spent the afternoon reading it, and I honestly believe it is, by far, the best magazine I have ever read. As soon as I am able, I am going to send in my subscription. Of course, my mother takes several magazines, but a magazine published for girls—well that's different!

I am a Girl Scout of the Catholic Troop 42 of Birmingham. I am fourteen years old and am in the second year, or third semester, of high school. My favorite sport is tennis, but I like soft-ball and many other outdoor sports.

Columbus discovered America on October twelfth, but I shall remember it as the day I discovered THE AMERICAN GIRL!

Carroll Schauer.

ARTICLES ON DANCING

PLYMOUTH, NEW HAMPSHIRE: I have just finished reading the October issue and I don't see how it could be much better. First of all, I want to tell you that I think *Quarry Hill* is just about the best serial we have had in the magazine yet.

The Crow's Nest was very exciting, and also it reminded me of a similar experience that I had this summer on Long Island Sound. *Sixteen Sees New York in the Eighties* was interesting and *Guppy and the Governor* was very amusing.

One thing, though, I wish we could have, and that is, some articles on dancing—especially ballet, tap, and toe. I am very interested in this field of art, and some of my friends who read THE AMERICAN GIRL are, also.

Lila Holmes.

WE HOPE YOU GET HIM, CAROL!

PASO ROBLES, CALIFORNIA: I have taken THE AMERICAN GIRL for only a year and I like it very much. I am not a Girl Scout because there is no troop near Paso Robles, but I would be one if there was a troop nearby.

The story I liked best in THE AMERICAN GIRL was *The K. R. A. Club*. I like *Quarry Hill*, too.

I am very much interested in horses. I am about twenty pounds underweight, as I am ten years old and I weigh forty-nine pounds. My daddy promised me a horse when I get up to fifty pounds—and do I want that horse! I wish you would put some horse stories in THE AMERICAN GIRL.

Carol Campbell.

SUE GOES TO SWITZERLAND

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 43

plum pudding towering on its round platter. Between courses they sang carols. Herr Schmidt toasted the French, and they responded with "Bring a torch, Jeannette, Isabelle, bring a torch, to the cradle run," only sung in French, of course.

Sue and Polly and Paul and the other Americans sang "Away in a manger, no crib for his bed," and then all together, some in English and some in German, sang, "Silent night, holy night, all is calm, all is bright."

Sue had scarcely noticed that the littlest ones had slipped away, but now a curtain was drawn back in one of the doorways, and there was a tableau. Tiny five-year-old Yvonne, with a soft white veil over her head, was the Madonna. She cradled in her arms a doll wrapped in swaddling clothes, rocking it gently to and fro as she crooned the old French lullaby, "Here kneel the ox and ass in joy, sleep, sleep, my blessed boy!" Behind her stood a little boy dressed as Joseph, with his staff and lantern and long cloak, and two little shepherds knelt before her and sang the familiar shepherd song. They ended with the lovely Brahms lullaby, and the curtain was drawn again. The children were so tiny, and had done it all so sweetly and reverently, that there were tears in Sue's eyes.

Suddenly there was a commotion of sleigh bells outside, and in dashed Santa Claus himself, his familiar red sleigh pulled by half a dozen waiters, all of them singing "Jingle Bells" at the top of their lungs, with a funny German accent that made it sound like "Jinkle Pells, Jinkle Pells." Everybody joined in heartily, and Santa Claus leaped from the sleigh and started doing the *Schub-plattler* in full Santa Claus regalia, while Hans played his accordion with a will. The crowd roared with laughter as it recognized big Fritz beneath his false whiskers. There was great excitement as he began pulling packages out of his pack—gifts for everyone, some beautiful, some ridiculous, but all of them thrilling. And there were red apples, animal cookies, and cornucopias full of Christmas candies for all the children. It was time now for the littlest ones to go to bed, but first of all they hung up stockings on the mantel, and set out shoes on the hearth, just in case Santa Claus had anything left over for the morning.

Sue's mother began thinking out loud, and counting on her fingers. "We've had American turkey, English plum pudding, and German roast pig; a French *crêpe*, an English Yule log, and a German tree; and American stockings, French shoes, and carols in all three languages. Aren't there any Christmas traditions that are just Swiss and nothing else?"

"Ach, ja," cried Herr Schmidt, "I will tell to you!" And in a queer mixture of

German, English, and French, so that everyone could understand, he told them of quaint Christmas customs which still persist in some of the more isolated parts of Switzerland.

He sent for an onion and some salt. Cutting the onion in half, he carefully peeled off twelve layers, one for each month of the year, and filled them with salt. In the morning, he said, the farmers could prepare a calendar for the coming year, depending on whether the salt in each cup was wet or dry.

He then called for the family Bible, and asked Sue if she wanted to know how many more years she had to live. He opened it at the Psalms, and told Sue to count the verses in the first Psalm her eye fell upon, and that would tell her how many years were left. He said, too, that the animals talk to each other on Christmas Eve, between eleven and midnight.

"Let's go and listen," cried Polly, making for the door that led to the barn.

But Herr Schmidt stopped her. "For anyone who listens, it is bad luck," he said solemnly.

He also told of the romantic tradition that, if unmarried girls go out alone on Christmas Eve and drink from nine fountains, they will meet their future husbands in the church door at midnight mass.

"Does it ever come true?" asked Sue so seriously that Herr Schmidt laughed.

"Well, as almost everybody goes to mass on Christmas Eve, it is almost impossible to miss." At that moment, bells began ringing in the valley. "Here is a chance to die. Who wishes to go?"

"Oh, we all do," cried the young people and off they dashed for their coats.

"Mussn't miss this opportunity," said Paul as he buttoned himself into his big refter. "I know Polly has her mind on that nice fat butchers' boy we saw in the village. How about it, Polly?"

There were two sleighs for grown-ups, and the young people all piled into the big wood sledge and sat on the straw. From all over the valley came the sound of bells, church bells and sleigh bells, and lights twinkled from every chalet. The half moon made lovely purple shadows on the snow. Some of the boys and girls sang snatches of tunes, but Sue was quiet. She was wishing that her father might be here. She wondered if he would be thinking of her, too, and decided that, if she concentrated very hard on wanting him to, he couldn't help it. Perhaps she could even send him a thought message.

She hardly noticed when they got to the church and everybody scrambled out, and she was still dreaming as she walked towards the church door. Just as she stepped in, Paul pushed big Fritz aside and stood directly in the way, blocking the entire door. "Meet the fate," he laughed.

Sue woke up suddenly. "Silly!" she said—but she didn't really mind at all.

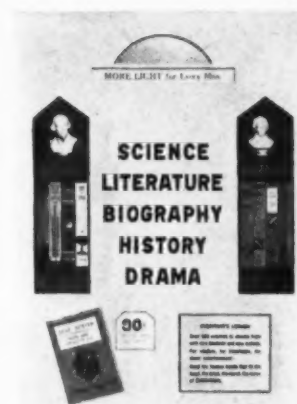
CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14

SNOWBOUND

believe we can make Mums and the girls more comfortable in here for the night. The seat cushions from the car will make a bed—of sorts—if we stretch them between those two chairs. Mums can have the sofa—we'll prop it up with some wood—and Rod and Mary can draw lots for the cushions. The one that gets left will have to put up with the arm-

chair and pray it doesn't let her down!" "But what about Tim and you?" Rodney asked.

"There's the kitchen table," Tim reminded her, grinning. "And one of the laprobes. We'll take it in watches as they do on ship-board. One to sleep, and the other to sit up and tend fires."



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—COVER CONTEST NEWS—

The winning title for the cover of the October *AMERICAN GIRL* is "Calling All Girl Scouts," sent by Mary Cummings, of Jersey City, New Jersey. Mary will receive a book as a prize. Other good titles were "An Interested Trio"; "Understanding the Same Language"; "Four Scouts Together"; "One Scout to Another"; "The Happy Week Is Here Again"; "A Penny for Your Song"; and "Ambassadors of Good Will."

The Cover Contest will be concluded with the announcement, in the January number, of the award for the winning title submitted for the November issue. A brand new contest, running from month to month, will be announced in the January 1937 number. Watch for it next month!

And so, finally, it was arranged. Rufus built a fire in the parlor stove, and brought in what remained of the box of Christmas candles. Then he and Tim made several trips to the shed for armfuls of wood, which they stacked beside each of the stoves.

It was while they were on their last trip that the three in the parlor first became aware of a strange sound, like the rumbling of distant thunder. For a while no one commented on it, then Rodney stiffened suddenly, pointing toward the window.

This was the window Rufus had climbed in by, and the heavy wooden shutters had been left open. Through the dirty glass, the startled trio could see what looked like a belated Fourth of July display, raining down out of the night.

"Wh-what—" Mary Kent gasped in a

frightened voice. But Rodney was remembering, all at once, a similar sight she had seen at home.

"*The chimney's on fire,*" she announced shakily.

The next moment Rufus and Tim came in with the wood, and instantly made the same discovery.

"Don't be scared," Rufus said quietly. "Of course the chimney hasn't been used lately. It's probably full of an accumulation of soot. It'll burn itself out, I'm pretty sure. There's not much danger with all that snow on the roof."

"I remember, when I was a little girl visiting on my grandfather's farm," Mrs. Blake began hopefully, "that was the way they always cleaned chimneys—let them burn themselves out." But before she had finished, both boys had pulled on their coats and rushed outside, while Rodney and Mary flattened their noses against the window, trying to see the excitement.

Sparks continued to rain down in an alarming fashion, and the roaring in the chimney grew louder.

"I think we ought to get out of the house," Mrs. Blake urged nervously. "It must be awfully old and inflammable."

"But where could we go?" asked Rodney. "We can't sit in the overturned car, darling." She bent and rubbed her cheek coaxingly against her aunt's. "Besides, if we have to, we can get out in a second."

Then Rufus rapped on the window. "Nearly out," he was shouting. "Mostly smoke now!" And was gone again.

His mother drew a tremulous breath of relief, and they all rolled themselves up snugly in their laprobes once more, to wait for the boys' return.

"We said we'd celebrate," Mary reminded them, grinning, "but we didn't include a fire in our celebration plans."

"Look here," Rodney burst out, "nobody will feel much like sleeping after this. Why don't we open our presents tonight? I think it would be sort of—cheerful."

To this suggestion, Mary gave an enthusiastic assent, and the girls unwound themselves from their wrappings, and hurried to the kitchen to bring back the gay assortment of packages. Tim and Rufus tramped back into the room just when the display had been finally arranged, flanked on either side by boxes of candy and nuts. It looked surprisingly festive in the bare, dimly lit room.

"Hey, what's the big idea?" Tim demanded, striking an attitude of admiration. "Fire's out," he added, casually, and sat down on the floor near the candy.

"We thought we might as well open our presents to-night," Rodney explained. "We may be in a hurry in the morning, trying to get away."

"Sounds like a swell notion," Rufus conceded, and knelt to study the cards tied to the various packages.

"Hi, there, Tim, this seems to be yours," he said, and tossed over a square box, gay with Christmas seals. "And one for Rodney—"

The fun was on. The grim aspect of the room was quite obliterated in the clouds of tissue paper lying round like snow drifted in from outside. Mrs. Blake's sofa became gradually covered with gifts, for they all insisted on bringing everything to her for inspection.

From time to time, Rufus or Tim replenished the stove, and went across the entry to do the same for the (Continued on page 48)



Lough and Grow Scout

Consideration

FATHER: Well, son, you got your horn for Christmas, but if you disturb me, I'm going to take it away.

SON: Oh, I won't bother you, Dad. I'll only blow it when you're asleep.—*Sent by MARY AGNES PRATT, Windsor, Connecticut.*

Wireless

"Mose, can you explain wireless telegraphy to me?"

"Yassah, it like dis. Ef yo'-all had a long, long, houn' dawg, an' he done stretch himself from Cincinnati to Clevelan', an' yo' step on his tail in Cincinnati, dat ole houn' dawg gwine to howl in Clevelan'. Dat am telegraphy. In wiahless, yo' does de same t'ing widout de dawg."—*Sent by BEVERLY MILLS, San Bernardino, California.*

Unexpected

Marjorie was visiting her grandmother's farm for the first time. A big turkey strutted toward her, feathers extended, and everybody expected an outcry. But the little girl did not budge until the turkey came close, when she exclaimed, "Pull down your clothes, you great big chicken, and leave me alone!"—*Sent by SARAH E. GIBSON, Sharon, Vermont.*

Good Guess



MANDY: How's yo' wife gettin' on?
SAMBO: Sometimes ah tink dat yallah gal gittin' tired p' me.
MANDY: How cum you says dat?
SAMBO: She hain't been home in fo' years.—*Sent by CAROL JEAN HOIDSTON, Grand Forks, North Dakota.*

The Funniest Joke I Have Heard This Month

Ups and Downs



"It took seven sittings."
"You mean you have been having your portrait painted?"
"No, I've been learning to skate."—*Sent by MARGARET GRAFF, Red Wing, Minnesota.*

Send THE AMERICAN GIRL your funniest joke, telling us your name, age, and address. A book will be awarded to every girl whose joke is published in this space.

Sidney, Nebraska.

Etiquette



TEACHER (reading): "Then came the great dragon, belching forth flames."

PUPIL (shocked): Didn't he say, "Excuse me?"—*Sent by LISBETH ANN MORRISON, Buffalo, New York.*

Terse

A Washington mother was very much put out because the teacher insisted on a written excuse explaining her son's absence from school, following a severe snow storm. She dashed off the following note:

"Dear Miss Kitty, Little Eddie's legs are fourteen inches long; the snow was eighteen inches deep.

Sincerely yours,
Margaret Johnson."

—*Sent by MARYHELEN KUNCE, Los Angeles, California.*

Hollow Sound

Betty had just come back from a talk by an African explorer.

"What did the lecturer tell you about the natives?" asked her grandmother.

"He said that when they beat on their tum-tums it could be heard for miles," replied Betty.—*Sent by BARBARA CHASE, Longmeadow, Massachusetts.*

Riddle

Why is a rabbit's nose always shiny?

Because its powder puff is on the wrong end.—*Sent by HARRIET TAYLOR,*



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SNOWBOUND

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 46

kitchen fire. It grew late, but nobody cared. Rodney sorted over the boxes of candy until she found some marshmallows, and with splinters of wood for toasting forks, they fell to browning them in the open door of the stove.

Last of all, someone started a Christmas carol. Rodney had a lovely voice, fresh and true. She took up the words of the beautiful old song, and the others joined in.

"Silent night, holy night,

"All is calm, all is bright—"

The shabby old room rang joyously to the stirring strains that told of that other Christmas Eve, over nineteen hundred years ago, when there was no room in an inn in Bethlehem, and a Baby was born in an even poorer, meaner place than this deserted farmhouse. The thought went through Rodney's head, making her young voice softer and richer—that it seemed somehow fitting to celebrate Christmas Eve in a place like this. Much more so, than in one of comfort and luxury.

They went on from carol to carol, singing all the familiar favorites until their repertoire had run out, and they were ready at last to admit sleepiness. The fires were built up once more, and everyone retired to their various substitutes for beds. And, uncomfortable as these were, no one lay awake to realize the fact.

Rodney was conscious of half-waking once or twice, to try a new position that offered more ease, and, on the last of these times, her eyes opened wide enough to see through the dark windowpane opposite her, one great, golden star shining serenely down. She thought, sleepily, "The Star in the East—" and noticed that it had stopped snowing.

The next thing she knew was a flood of sunshine on the floor, and it was Christmas morning. Mrs. Blake was sitting up on her sofa, yawning and smoothing her disordered hair. Mary Kent was still sleeping, with an inquisitive yellow sunbeam feeling its way across her rosy face.

Then some of the sunlight at the window was blocked out by the surprising apparition of a red-headed boy and a rather pale little girl, peering in curiously. Rodney gave an exclamation and Mary woke at the sound. But it was Rodney who dashed first for the door. Her appearance brought the strange boy and girl from their post at the window. They came slowly, as if they were prepared to turn and run at the first alarm.

"Merry Christmas," Rodney said, smiling, and answering smiles broke across the two serious faces.

"Merry Christmas," both said together, and seemed to lose their apprehension with the familiar words.

"Come in," Rodney urged, shivering in the piercing wind that swept in at the open door. "We had a motor accident last night—maybe you saw our car out there on its side in the road."

The two nodded with friendly sympathy. It was easy to guess that they were twins,

they looked so much alike, though the girl's hair was more golden than red.

"Yes, we saw it. Looks pretty much like a snowdrift now," the boy said. "Sunny and I thought you were tramps. We saw the fire in the old chimney last night, and Ma said likely tramps had broke in for shelter."

"So this morning we came over to see," the girl added. "Ma said, even if you were tramps, to tell you we'd give you some hot coffee and flapjacks for breakfast, being as it's Christmas!"

The kitchen door opened, and Tim and Rufus came out, very much astonished at finding early-morning visitors, but enthusiastic over the prospect of flapjacks and coffee, when the invitation had been repeated.

"Better wait till Jack and I shovel a path," Sunny said. "The snow's light—it won't take long."

"Oh, let's all come and shovel, too," Mary Kent exclaimed. "I'm dying to get out in the snow. Couldn't you find shovels for us all?"

Sunny thought that could be done, and a scramble ensued to find coats, hats, and warm gloves. Tim added more wood to the fire, for his mother, and the six set out across a sloping field of clean, drifted snow to a small, white farmhouse which they now discovered lay only a few hundred yards distant.

A tired looking, middle-aged woman came to the door at Sunny's call, and listened with interest to the tale of the overturned car and the night in the deserted house. When Sunny and Jack scurried away in search of shovels, their mother insisted hospitably that the visitors come inside and warm themselves by the kitchen fire.

It was only the work of half an hour or so for six energetic shovelers to clear a path wide enough for Mrs. Blake to make the trip comfortably. And when it was done, and Sunny and Jack had run gaily home with the shovels to prepare for their guests, Rodney drew her aunt aside anxiously.

"Aunt Dana, you never saw such a forlorn house," she said. "They must be poverty poor, but everything's so clean and neat. Their name's Walker, and their father died two years ago. There's a mother and three other children besides Sunny and Jack. An older sister, Rose, who's a cripple and can't move out of her chair. And two little boys."

She hesitated, and a soft color stole into her cheeks.

"I wondered," she urged, "if you'd be hurt if I—I gave Sunny Walker your lovely Christmas present to me. I just adored it, Aunt Dana—I've never owned a ski suit before, but—but Sunny hasn't a coat that's warm enough for weather like this. They have a Christmas tree that Jack cut, trimmed with strings of cranberries and popcorn—and not one single present!"

Rufus, who had drawn near, looked thoughtful. "And they're sharing their Christmas breakfast with us," he said. "Sunny let it out that they only have flapjacks for the biggest kind of treat."

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Mary and Tim had joined the group now. "We had all the fun of opening our presents last night," Mary offered shyly. "Why couldn't we wrap some of them up again, and pass them along to the Walkers?"

Ten minutes later there were six mysterious looking packages, one for each of the Walkers, set out on the shabby sofa, waiting for transportation to another Christmas scene. It happened that many of the gifts consisted of warm sports things—scarves, heavy gloves, sweaters, and one windbreaker they were sure would fit Jack. And, of course, Rodney's ski suit. In addition, there were candy, nuts, cakes, and jelly, and two pairs of shining new skates which would be perfect for the youngest Walker boys.

They finished retieing the ribbons as the twins returned to help carry over their guests' luggage. And to see the way their eyes widened at sight of those packages—and at Rufus's awkward announcement that they were for the Walker tree—was enough, by itself, to start the day off in the proper Christmas spirit. At the farmhouse, the sincerity of Mrs. Walker's simple welcome, and the fragrance of breakfast coffee, were, Rodney felt, the perfect Christmas morning touches.

There was no telephone in the Walker house, but a neighbor half a mile up the road had one, and as soon as breakfast was over Jack would telephone for a wrecking crew, and a car to take the party on to their destination in Litchfield.

It was not until everyone had eaten as much as he or she could, and Mrs. Walker had brought in the last heaping platter of cakes from the stove, that Mrs. Blake rose and made an unexpected speech.

"You have shared your Christmas breakfast and your tree with us," she told the circle of shining faces turned to her, "but the giving mustn't be all on your side. We want to share our Christmas, too. So—" she gestured toward the gay bundles set out under the tree in the window, and every pair of excited Walker eyes followed the motion—"won't you begin by opening the packages so we can see whether we've made a good choice? And—and—Merry Christmas to each and all of you!"

She sat down amid a burst of clapping, and there was a wild dash treeward by the four active young Walkers, while pretty, crippled Rose's eyes went wistfully after them. Rodney, seeing that look, made a swoop on the most beribboned of the boxes, and brought it back to drop in the girl's lap.

Luckily, all the presents had not been sports clothes. This was a silk nightgown of palest apricot, with a little ruffled jacket to match, which Rodney had picked out for

Mrs. Blake who liked holiday breakfasts in bed—a gift from Rufus and Tim.

"It's not—for me?" Rose Walker asked in a voice that shook.

Rodney wasn't able to make herself heard in the tumult that suddenly broke out across the room, as the other young Walkers uncovered treasure trove, but she reached down and held the cool, silky loveliness against the lame girl's flushed cheek.

"It's just your color, Rose," she whispered in her ear. "I'm ever so glad now I didn't choose blue."

Sunny turned, hugging the scarlet ski suit to her thin young breast.

"Couldn't we sing some Christmas songs," she asked, forgetting her shyness. "We usually do on Christmas morning, and I'm so—so chockful of joy, I've got to sing or—bust."

There was an old-fashioned square piano in one corner of the room, and Mrs. Walker, without a word, went to it, and lifted the lid. In her youth she had been an ambitious music teacher in a small village. Hard work, many children to bring up, and the long fight against poverty on a worn-out New England farm, had killed her ambitions, but she could still touch the yellowed piano keys with tender fingers in those same old carols the Blakes, Rodney, and Mary had sung last evening.

They gathered about her at the piano, Jack and Sunny pushing Rose's chair close, and presently their voices rose in "Silent Night," going on to "Oh, Little Town of Bethlehem," "Three Wise Men of Orient Are," and "Noël."

They had missed all their carefully made Christmas plans, Rodney was thinking as she sang. Who could have foreseen their being here in this shabby little house on a snowy back lane in Connecticut, sharing their Christmas presents with six total strangers—and feeling, somehow, in spite of everything, that it was the most thrilling Christmas any of them had ever known?

She reached out, impulsively, to slip her fingers through Sunny's arm, and they stood closer, singing together.

*"The first Novell the angel did say
"Was to certain poor shepherds in fields
as they lay,*

*"In fields where they lay, keeping their
sheep—"*

But her thoughts were running on without any reference to the words she was singing. No, she was thinking, it certainly isn't *where*, but *how* you spend Christmas. Funny how Christmas sort of gets under your skin, and makes you want to do things for people.

She glanced down, almost shyly, at the beaming, thin little face beside her. Sunny Walker would look *cute* in that ski suit.

WILL YOU BE AT HOME?

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25

introductions is "How do you do, Jack?" or "How do you do, Mr. Allen?" The men of your family should always extend their hands when you have introduced any of your boy friends to them. To fail to do so is considered very rude since men invariably shake hands when introduced to each other. With women, the rule is less rigid. It is customary for women and girls to shake hands with those who are introduced to them in their own home. It is a gesture of cordiality which a mother usually makes toward her daughter's friends. But she may omit the gesture without real offense.

And now that we have got through introducing your friend to the family, and, one by one, they have gone off to other parts of the house and left you alone with your caller, how shall you entertain him? Games are all right for part of the evening. Most boys like music, candy-making, popping corn, and the like. But they also like conversation. Yes, they really do. They enjoy knowing a girl who can sit down and visit with them. So if you are a girl to whom having boy friends seems important (and what girl doesn't want to be popular with boys?) you may as well make up your mind to develop into a good conversationalist.

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Say you saw it in *The American Girl*

what to talk to them about? That is nonsense. It isn't hard for girls to talk to boys, and it is the easiest, most natural thing in the world for girls and boys to be friends. You may have been making it hard for yourself by imagining that boys are wonderful and mysterious creatures. Perhaps you have put boys on pedestals, and have thought of them as romantic heroes. You may have been thinking too much about boys and have exaggerated their importance. Boys are no more wonderful than you are yourself. Most of the boys you know are quite average human beings. Remind yourself of this the next time you feel jittery and get all a-twitter just because a boy has noticed you.

This Jack Allen who has asked to come to see you—after all, why should you be worried about him? He isn't an international celebrity, or a hero of any sort. Just a boy from down the street, a boy you would not have been aware of until yesterday. True, he seems strange and different and rather handsome to you, now that he has gotten older and makes a point of washing and combing his hair and wearing a nicely tied necktie. Perhaps you seem just as strange and different and beautiful to him. Think back to last year when he last saw you. Weren't you a rather ungainly, big, little girl in your kiddish clothes from the girls' department? Don't the clothes, so like Mother's, that you get now from the Junior Misses' Section, and the wave in your hair and all that, make you look much more grown-up than you'd have believed possible a year ago?

THE best way for a girl—you or any girl—to treat your boy friends is with real friendliness and sincerity. Don't put on airs with them, or play up to them, or make a fuss. Don't be humble, or adoring. If you really do admire a boy tremendously for something he has done—such as winning the football game, or the oratorical contest, or the tennis cup—it is quite all right for you to express your honest admiration. But don't gush. And don't gaze at him in awe. He can take compliments and praise in moderation, but if you overdo your enthusiasm, especially if you overdo it in public, you are sure to make him uncomfortable. And unless I am greatly mistaken about men and boys, making them uncomfortable is one of the surest ways of making them dislike you.

That brings us to another point. If you are a girl with a tendency to be sarcastic, you should try to curb yourself, especially when you are with boys. Most boys are afraid of the girl with a sharp tongue. Indeed, for that matter, who isn't afraid of her? Be as vivacious and as witty as is natural for you, but let your wit be kind. No matter how brilliant you are, you will be wise to cultivate a modest and unassuming manner. Making a display of your brains and trying to show your superiority are poor taste and will make you objectionable to everyone, especially to boys.

Another thing to remember about boys is their timidity with girls. In the early and middle teens they are quite likely to be shy, and are easily made to feel awkward and ill-at-ease. When you are fifteen or so, and a boy the same age is calling on you, or taking you to a party, you may be quite sure that you are better able to handle the situation than he is. No doubt you look older than he does; you probably talk more easily, have more poise, self-assurance, and knowledge of etiquette and manners. Of course there are exceptions, but usually yours is the advantage. Never let a boy suspect that you know this—

that would be cruel and tactless. But take the lead, nevertheless; learn to talk well, and be prepared to do more than your share if necessary. You will find that most of the boys who come to call on you will expect you to do the entertaining. If you are a ready conversationalist, able to draw a tongue-tied young man into the conversation and put him at ease, you will not lack callers.

Suppose no boy has ever asked to come to see you—what then? Suppose that, after all, the telephone didn't ring that night at dinner, or any other night, and that there has never been any Jack Allen, or any other boy, wanting to come over to see you?

Can a girl take the initiative and invite a boy to come to see her? The answer is yes—and no. You must never seem to run after a boy. Most of them hate being pursued, and look down upon the girl who does the pursuing. But your woman's intuition (which is something worth cultivating and listening to) may tell you that Jack, or some other boy, would like to come to see you and is just afraid to ask. If he walks past your house more often than seems necessary, and sometimes stops to talk to you in passing, he couldn't think you were pursuing him if you invited him to come in. Ask him to come up and sit on the porch, if it is a pleasant day for sitting on porches. Let him play the radio, or ask him to help you make some lemonade. Treat the incident lightly. Act as though it was an everyday occurrence for boys to be dropping in.

Another way to break the ice is to invite several boys and girls to your home, occasionally, for an informal good time. Give them something to do, and something to eat. They can prepare their own refreshments and enjoy themselves while they are doing so. Of course you have to have things planned in advance. The menu should be simple, and none of the preparations should require much time. No tedious jobs like peeling a lot of potatoes. Stick to easy things like toasted sandwiches, scrambled eggs, creamed dishes and so on. Try to have an original idea about food now and then, or try out your recipe before the party to make sure it is a good one.

As to entertainment, there are games and games. Active ones are usually best. Most young people hate sitting around a great deal. A recreation room in the attic, or basement, is the greatest boon a girl can have. Talk up the recreation room idea with your parents, if there is no place in your home where you can entertain your friends except the family living room. I know one girl whose father put up a basketball goal in the back yard, so that his sons could practice shooting baskets. But the boys of the household seldom have much chance at the shooting when their sister's boy friends are around—as they are much of the time.

The moral is that young people, especially boys, enjoy activity. Horseshoe pitching, tennis, croquet, or badminton, would do as well as basket-ball. But have something for your boy guests to do that gives them a chance to move around, test their skill, and work off their energies. They will enjoy their moments of conversation much more if the conversation is sandwiched in between other things.

If your home is a pleasant place, and the crowd gets the idea that it is fun to come to see you, don't be surprised if two or three or more boys get together and come over to call *en masse*. It doesn't mean that you are a great belle, or anything like that. It is just

that boys are gregarious—and as we said earlier, they are timid. They feel much braver when they are in groups, fortifying each other. Of course they wouldn't select your house as the place to go unless they really liked you. It is a compliment, for it does show that you are a girl who knows how to get along with boys and who has the capacity for friendship with boys. And that, after all, is the secret of lasting popularity.

WHAT kind of a girl gets along best with boys? I suppose that is what some of you are wondering. Well, I have been wondering, too, and have been noticing the popular girls, and asking questions here and there of boys I know. Their answers and my own observations all point to the same thing—boys like girls who are feminine. By feminine they mean various things, such as having gracious, friendly manners, a nice voice, looking clean and well-groomed. "Dainty" is the word some of them used, instead of well groomed. Others said "smooth." It all comes back to the same thing: plenty of baths and shampoos and taking care of one's clothes.

Brains are likewise desirable in girls, according to the boy of to-day. Brains, but not bookish talk. Slang is all right, but swearing is out. Most men and boys hate to hear a girl use profanity.

One so-called feminine trait that *isn't* popular with boys is helplessness. Men used to like helpless women, or at least women thought so, but the boys of to-day like their girls to know how to do things for themselves—how to catch trains, be on time for appointments, drive a car, swim, play a good game. They like girls who can cook, build a fire, and row a boat. But with all this competence, they don't want you to be mannish, or rough, or bossy.

Why is it important for a girl to know boys, and have the friendship of boys? In order to get taken to parties, and have plenty of dates and dance partners?

Well, these things may seem essential, but having boy friends should mean more than that. It is good for a girl to know boys, and to learn to get along with them, because later she will need to know how to get along with men, whether her career is marriage, or a vocation. Her life will be happier, no doubt, and her career more successful, if she understands something about the opposite sex, if she can grasp their points-of-view and learn how their minds work, and how they think and feel about things. Girls can learn from boys an honesty and straightforwardness that is more characteristic of boys than of girls. And a girl may find in her friendship with intelligent boys a stimulating development of her own mind and ideas.

Like all good things, however, boy-and-girl friendships can be overdone. The girl who devotes all her time and thought to boys gets a narrow, warped slant on life. If she is too busy having dates with boys to have any time left for girls, and for her family, and other friends, she is paving the way for unhappiness for herself. For while she may be well supplied with boy friends, she soon comes to feel that girls don't like her. She imagines that, out of envy of her popularity with boys, girls go out of their way to hurt her. The result is that she is stand-offish and suspicious with girls, and presently it is really true that they don't like her.

So, knowing boys, and getting along with boys, is part of your education for life. But not all. Keep your girl friends, too, and make your life and personality well-balanced.

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JOAN RULES THE WAVES

"THIS is going to be good," said Joan, deftly setting a deep wave with her comb in Jean's dark, naturally curly hair. "At least it would be good if you'd stop wiggling. I'm likely to do something pretty funny if you don't sit still."

"Sorry, old dear. I didn't realize I was scrouging around so much," apologized her chum.

Joan grinned. "I know you want to get at that January *AMERICAN GIRL*, so I'll be as quick as I can. Meantime, suppose I hit the high spots for you? I read my copy last evening while you were over at Kitty's. Where shall I begin?"

"At the beginning," replied Jean. "That's the usual place."

● "Well," Joan flourished her comb, "I think you'll agree that the bluejay cover, by Orson Lowell, is absolutely the finest we've ever had, unless it might be that goldfish cover of his last July."

"Lovely; both of them," assented Jean. "Go on."

"Well," Joan began again, with another flourish of the comb, "the first article, *New Year's Eve in a Swamp*, by Florence Page Jaques, is what I call the real stuff. Mrs. Jaques and her husband, who is Lee Jaques of the Museum of Natural History in New York, spent their New Year's holidays camping in an Arkansas swamp, to study birds—and the way Mrs. Jaques tells about it is simply delightful. She's so amus-

ing about their experiences—and at the same time she gives you such a picture of the things scientists are willing to do to tear out a bit of knowledge here and there. But you must read the article for yourself."

"I'll read it first of all," promised Jean. "What next?"

● "An elegant article on giving teas, by Beatrice Pierce. Little teas and big. Let's have one for our class, some afternoon this winter."

"It would be fun, and I feel sure our mothers would say 'Go to it,'" cried Jean, screwing around in her chair, to look up at her friend.

"Hey! stop wiggling," admonished Joan. "No more about giving teas unless you sit still."

"All right, all right." Jean held her head rigid. "Aren't there any stories in the magazine?"

"Well, rather. Four of 'em. A

grand dog story by Major S. P. Meek, with illustrations by Robert L. Dickey—"

"Not the Robert Dickey?" cried Jean. "Not the artist who drew *Mr. and Mrs. Beans* and *Buddy and His Friends*, and illustrated the Albert Payson Terhune books?"

"The same," replied Joan. She switched the towel from her friend's shoulders. "Your hair's finished, so, if you don't believe me, you can go and see for yourself."

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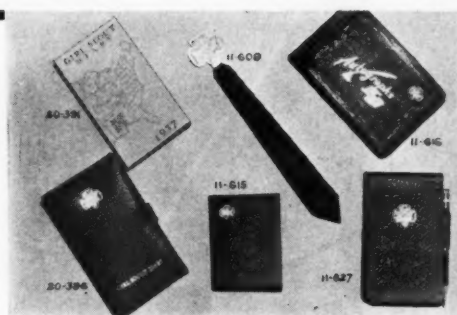
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THE MANICURE SET is compact but complete—with steel scissors, nail file and orange stick. And the green leather case is stamped with the trefoil in gold. 11-508.....\$.95

THE BROWNIE RING is of sterling silver and uses the figure of the Brownie pin in a raised design. Full and half sizes from 2-10. In gift box. 11-686 \$.50

THE UNBREAKABLE MIRROR 3" x 4 3/4" and perfectly flat, is just the thing to keep in your school desk or portfolio. The cloth case protects the highly polished metal surface from mars and scratches. 11-511 \$35

A SEWING KIT for that stitch in time that saves nine. Brown, green and white sewing thread, two shades of brown darning cotton, in addition to a thimble, needles and pins, will take care of a lot of patches and darnings. The sturdy tin box is enameled deep green and decorated with a trefoil in gold. 11-552.....\$.35

THE FOLDING CUP is at home in the purse, the pocket and the family car as well as in the rucksack. It folds to only an inch in depth and comes with a snug fitting cover. Of nickel plate, it will neither chip nor rust. 11-541 \$.35



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